JAMES B. MORROW

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MEMORIES

OF

AMES BAIN MORROW.

BY THE

REV. A. W. NICOLSON,

Editor of *The Wesleyan*, 1873–1879

"The bird that to the evening sings,
Leaves music when its song is ended;
A sweetness left, which takes not wings,
But with each pulse of eve is blended:
Thus life involves a double light,
Our acts and words have many brothers;
The heart that makes its own delight,
Makes also a delight for others."

—*Charles Swain*

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TO

JOHN S. McLEAN, Esq.,

FOR SEVERAL YEARS THE INTIMATE COMPANION OF

JAMES B. MORROW

IN THE RESPONSIBILITIES AND WORK

OF THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION;

AND TO

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES,

WHOSE SALVATION

MR. MORROW COVETED ABOVE ALL THINGS;

TO WHOSE WELFARE HE

CONTRIBUTED BY PRAYER, COUNSEL, AND LOVING GUARDIANSHIP

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PREFACE.

Why was this Book written? It is hoped that a perusal of its pages will be sufficient answer to that question.

Why was it not entrusted to some better hand? I can only reply that, while all who were consulted felt the necessity for a published biography, no one else was willing to prepare it. There was left to me the alternative of standing by while a noble character and life vanished with the passing months, or attempting to transfer to paper the moral lineaments of one who had impressed his acquaintances of this generation to an extraordinary degree. In an age which required some intense reflection of the divine in man, God challenged Satan to consider His servant Job. The scepticism of even our advanced age can best be met by furnishing a portrait of what religion can make out of such fragments of humanity as the Fall has left to us.

Why has it been delayed so long? In consequence of an uncommon series of interruptions, the locality in which the work was being prepared, passed through successive seasons of excitement, originating with crimes of an unnatural character, which became subjects of repeated and prolonged trials at law. These distracted the attention of every one in the community. A severe accident to the writer also prevented any progress with the manuscript during several weeks.

To all who responded to the request for letters, incidents, and other material, I must express my indebtedness. The quantity of paper thus sent in to my address was somewhat abundant, making it difficult, very often, to select the most suitable contribution for my purpose. Another book might be written without exhausting all that I have been privileged to examine of letters, &c., from almost every region of Her Majesty's Dominions.

One aim I have kept before me uniformly in preparing the book,—that of perpetuating Mr. Morrow's powerful influence among young men.

THE AUTHOR.

ANNAPOLIS, N.S.,
January 30th, 1881.

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LIFE OF JAMES B. MORROW.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Some souls are serfs among the free,
  While others nobly thrive ;
They stand just where their fathers stood ;
  Dead, even while they live.
Others, all spirit, heart, and sense,
  Theirs the mysterious power
To live in thrills of joy or woe,
  A twelvemonth in an hour !

—*Bryan W. Procter.*

A STRANGER entering the city of Halifax on the afternoon of Monday, the 13th of September, 1880, must have looked about him with some degree of astonishment. The flags of the shipping in port were at half mast. Passing in by Water Street, he would have seen shutters on the shop windows, blinds drawn down in the dwellings, work suspended on the wharves, and the streets either wholly deserted, or only here and there resounding to a solemn footstep. Approaching by Brunswick Street, his surprise would have been even greater. There were two

thousand persons in and around the large Methodist Church at the unusual hour of three o'clock. Ministers were addressing an immense assembly. The organ, in muffled strains, gives forth the Dead March in Saul. A coffin is borne out by tender hands, amid the tears of strong men and the sobs of women and children. Then a procession is formed—not in the orderly, prearranged manner of common funerals; but, as openings are presented, individuals hasten to show the respect due to the occasion. His Excellency the General in command of Her Majesty's forces, with his suite, in full uniform, took their places in the moving concourse. The Governor and his staff were among the mourners. Officers of steamships, with their well-dressed crews, fell into line. Representatives from abroad, clergymen of all denominations in the city, without exception, labourers from the warehouses and shops, soldiers from the barracks, coloured people, and inmates of the Poor's Asylum, very old men and very young children, were either closing in with the procession or looking on with tearful interest. When the head of this procession had reached Sackville Street, distant nearly a thousand yards from the starting-point, many were still waiting to find a place in the ranks which were not fully formed. After a lengthened and impressive service had been read at the grave, and the mourners had begun to disperse, the rear ranks were still pressing onward through the gates of the cemetery, anxious for a parting glance at the sacred place of sepulture.

Halifax is not unaccustomed to pageants. On seve-

ral occasions, Brunswick Street has resounded to the tread of grand processions. More than once members of the Royal family have been escorted over part of this very route by immense throngs of people. Flags have been displayed on every mast at times when distinguished personages passed through this magnificent harbour, which forms such an important link in international transit.

But there was no extraordinary social or political distinction in this instance. The city was not in holiday dress, but in sackcloth. It followed the dead; and even then there was no great worldly honour attached to the name of him who was being carried to his last resting-place. He held no title from any institution, literary, scientific or philosophical. There had been no call by local fraternities to assemble and do honour to an illustrious associate. His busy life admitted of but the one general duty in that respect—he linked his sympathies with the broad brotherhood of man. True, he was connected by blood and marriage with the best of the population; but that alone did not entitle him to the universal, profound and absorbing grief which was felt everywhere. Hundreds of the merely respectable have come and gone without leaving so wide a blank, without arresting the business of the city for a day, without shading the faces of Government officials and day labourers alike, as did this man.

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

For three days there was not an issue of any city

paper which did not in some way allude to the sad event. More than thirty columns, much of it in small type, I have at this moment under my eye, cut from Halifax newspapers alone, treating on this subject, during the 10th to the 13th of September. If all that has been written of James B. Morrow, then and since, were compiled for publication, it would form a volume of considerable dimensions. Nor were the expressions of the ordinary kind, either; many of them would have led a stranger to ask—"Is not much of this hyperbolical?" I make a few extracts:—"It is doubtful if any other similar announcement could create such a painful sensation in this city"—"Citizens of all classes were bitterly pained and shocked when the intelligence came"—"The loss of this community cannot be estimated"—"Such a funeral was never known before in Halifax"—"It is a shock and a calamity"—"There is no man living in our community whose death could create such a blank"—"A life of unswerving rectitude"—"Position, wealth, talents, disposition, all that he had by nature or fortuitous circumstances, was held by him in trust, to be used for the honour and glory of the Master"—"The noble-hearted citizen, laid in his grave amid the mourning of a whole community"—"No man can point a finger at his life"—"He was a mighty worker"—"He seemed to have an oversight of all the young men in the city"—and so on. These are surely extraordinary tributes to the memory of a fellow-citizen.

Conversing with persons who were present before

and at the funeral, you may learn quite as much that is beautiful and impressive. On the day, ever memorable to loved ones who were there, when the body was brought home from Londonderry, eyes that were looking for the first dread movement from the crowd, saw a scene well calculated to bedew them afresh with tears. I give the words as they are given to me—too sacred, too inartificial to be changed in a single particular:—"One incident which occurred at the Railway Station, when we brought home all that was left to us of father, touched me. When the temporary coffin was carried by some of our own labouring men, sent up from the wharf, the railway porter pushed up his baggage-truck and said—'Put it on here.' One of the men called out on the instant, as if it came from the bottom of his heart, 'No, we won't; we'll carry him.' And carry him they did out to the hearse, which was in waiting away at the other end of the station." Standing by the bier, during the period between this and the burial, a coloured woman was heard to say through suppressed sobs—"God took him because He loved him so well!" Another woman, with not much of this world's goods represented in her appearance, mourned because "Only last week he visited my dear lame boy, and cheered him so!" Workmen on the wharves, whom no one suspected of having ever met him, save as an employer, turned away to hide their tears. At more than one Board of Directors, the members, looking across the table, saw only sad looks, and preferred quietly to disperse without attempting business.

In St. John, N.B., as stated by a representative of the Y. M. C. A., the news of Mr. Morrow's death caused "a paralytic thrill to his many friends, and the gloom in the city was as deep as that which spread over Halifax." "It came on St. John," writes Hon. John Boyd, "so suddenly! It was a shock to us all on the streets, and on every face there was the same expression, and every tongue gave voice to the sadness which was in every heart." From Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and Saint Pierre; from Ontario and Quebec; from different points in the United States, and from England, came letters by scores, written by persons of all classes and professions, offering sympathy, while mourning in common with dear friends at home.

A collection of these letters has been made, which is one of the most unique and expressive tributes ever offered to the memory of a private citizen, and will be cherished for generations as an invaluable memento by his loving kindred. Surely all this is sufficient reason why a Memorial volume of James Bain Morrow should be given to the public.

But a life of this kind is not always easy to trace to the best advantage for biographical purposes. Its springs are hidden to a great extent. Numberless little streams of sympathy, originating with Mr. Morrow's love and benevolence, which one finds here and there, cannot be followed to their source. Not one of every fifty young men whom he influenced for good will speak in these pages, simply because they cannot explain the subtle power by which he led them on, or

restrained them. Men who endow Colleges or build Orphanages very naturally and deservedly attract public attention by these splendid monuments; but the charity which is scattered over a life-time—the dollars which go out with daily prayers and letters among sick and suffering—while they may equal those larger benefactions, elude the sight of questioners. There are fugitive checks occasionally, torn from their connections in the numbered books issued by the Banks, that no one shall be able to trace them afterward, which go their round of mercy, warming cold hearts and feeding hungry mouths, then return to die. I have seen and handled them—knowing well their origin, from different quarters—but their record is only with God!

And yet, meagre comparatively as may be the material for the purpose, and effectually as he may have covered up all traces of his benevolence in many instances, the story of James B. Morrow's life richly deserves to be sent out into the world.

CHAPTER II.

PARENTAGE AND BOYHOOD.

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—fail!"

—*Lytton.*

FROM a fragment of family history, placed at my disposal by one of the immediate relatives, I learn that Mr. Morrow's ancestors, by the father's side, may be clearly traced back to the period when William and Mary ascended the British throne. In 1689, Isaac Jackson was born at Alston Moor, and died in 1812, at High Felling, County Durham, England. This patriarchal founder of a family whose branches have extended to different quarters of the globe, during the 123 years of his remarkable life, saw five successive monarchical periods, and retained to the last "a singular brilliancy of complexion" which made him the wonder and admiration of strangers. His funeral procession extended over three miles—a fact which would seem to correspond with the great respect

which has since been paid, in a similar way, to at least two of his descendants. If physical and moral qualities in a progenitor may be considered of any significance, it will interest readers to learn that Isaac Jackson, though blind during twenty years of his life, "continued to shave himself every day," and wended his way faithfully every Sabbath to the village church, unassisted, though in doing so he was obliged "to cross a bridge made of a single plank." He was a man of sterling character, beloved by all who knew him. A grand-daughter of Isaac Jackson, Mary Atkinson, married, in 1793, Robert Morrow, grandfather of the subject of this memoir. Their family consisted of three sons and one daughter. John Morrow, second son of Robert, and father of James B. Morrow, was, during early life, subject to severe vicissitudes of fortune. His father failed in business, in England, losing everything but reputation. There was a noble-hearted son, however, older than John, who acted a part in this emergency which reveals something of that sturdy integrity which seems to have characterized the Morrow family throughout. Isaac Morrow went to London, succeeded in business, and in a few years paid off every one of his father's creditors. The effort may have cost him his life; for I find that he died very shortly after thus satisfying justice.

The cause of this business failure is traced to the very common one of an abrupt transition from manual labour to commercial pursuits, without previous training or experience. The Morrows suffered a penalty

which has been inflicted upon too many innocent families, in our own and other countries, for the violation of a very obvious law. Young men cannot be too faithfully warned against hazarding the comfort of others with their own, by engaging in business for which they have neither aptitude nor capital. Providence promises no shelter even to its most favoured children who lay aside their common sense and prudence. The male members of the Morrow family, up to this time, were miners. The attempt to reach some better sphere of life may have been caused by a calamity which left the family in deep sorrow. Thomas, an uncle of John Morrow, was one of two hundred souls that were swept into eternity by a single explosion. Another remarkable funeral "attended by 30,000 men" is alluded to in the imperfect narrative from which I have been quoting. The voices of these 30,000 miners and others filled the air with Isaac Watts' mournful but triumphant song :—

> "Thee we adore, Eternal name,
> And humbly own to Thee,
> How feeble is our mortal frame,
> What dying worms we be!"

John Morrow resolved to find a new home. His decision was perhaps hastened by witnessing an extraordinary scene on Alston Moor. The miners assembled in a monster meeting to discuss certain grievances of their work and wages. The distinguished advocate who subsequently became Lord Brougham, Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer, was one of the interested listeners. John Morrow had just overheard one of the gentlemen who surrounded Mr. Brougham, making a favourable comment on the native eloquence of one of the chief speakers, when suddenly the very ground seemed to tremble beneath their feet. A thousand Scots Greys galloped on to the Moor, dispersing the miners in all directions. The workmen retired discomfited to their homes, and John Morrow made his way to Newcastle. Here he served as clerk in a newspaper establishment, till in an unlucky moment he gained a prize for some piece of literary composition, throwing the brilliant son of his employer into the shade. In three months he was dismissed, and at nineteen years of age took passage for Halifax.

It is now seen that his coming to America was part of a Providential purpose. He entered (immediately it would seem) the service of Mr. Bain, then doing business in Halifax as a merchant. In this office he remained as clerk for five years. The regard which he cherished for Mr. Bain is seen in the loving use he made of his name, by conferring it upon one of his children six or seven years after leaving that mercantile establishment. John Morrow was married, January 2nd, 1820, to Mary Ann Duffus, when they were both within a few months of twenty-four years of age. From a note which I find in the family records, it seems that the Duffus family held some relation to Alexander Cruden, who, with his many eccentricities, combined a most devout regard for the Bible, with

such industry and assiduity as were necessary to construct a book which lays divines especially under deep obligations to him as an author. How far Cruden's Concordance may have helped to perfect James B. Morrow in the mastery of the Scriptures, is a very interesting question, looked at from a family standpoint.

Linked with the Duffus name is another which Halifax will not willingly allow to die. One sister of Mrs. John Morrow became the wife of Samuel, afterwards Sir Samuel, Cunard. Another married Henry Cunard, who was, it is thought, indirectly connected with the great trade of Miramichi, which in past days was a matter of Provincial pride. To my own ears, while a boy in Scotland, the name of Cunard became familiar, from the fact that my father was interested in the prosperity of the firm, as a trader, and was present when Miramichi passed through a period of intense excitement. A third sister of Mrs. John Morrow married Mr. Wm. Sutherland, Q.C., of Halifax, still living.

To John and Mary Morrow were born nine children, of whom James Bain, born the 8th of November, 1831, was the sixth. Of this family only two brothers and two sisters are now living; these are residents of Halifax, with the exception of Isaac Morrow, in South America.

James, as a child, gave no special promise of future brilliance or greatness. He was not precocious in any particular. It is recorded of him by one who thoroughly understood his disposition and observed his

early life, that, even when very young, "his sense of duty was particularly strong, and he was never known to neglect a lesson." Truthful, loving, gentle; showing no violence of temper; he was chiefly remarkable for those qualities which render parents contented, and home a scene of abiding happiness. But even these conditions were to be interrupted. James was early subjected to a kind of discipline which, overruled and sanctified of God, assists in fashioning the best instruments for His service and glory.

There is no more frightful poem in our language than Byron's Dream of Darkness. All that imagination at its best—or worst—can heap together of conditions horrible and death-like, he employs to describe the effect, as

> "The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
> Did wander darkling in eternal space,
> Rayless and pathless."

Everything declines—everybody dies, or goes mad. I have seen this powerful poem used to illustrate the probable consequences of a reversal in the confidence of the Christian believer. And it may be a portraiture more or less truthful of what would follow if it could be proved that Christ never emerged alive from the sepulchre. Jean Paul Richter, in his "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," draws a thrilling picture from his imagination of the cry that would ascend from the living and the dead if the sun of the Christian's faith were blotted out—if Christ were proved to be only a superlative myth of ages long gone by. But some-

thing akin to the picture of both the English Poet and the German Philosopher happens in every true home from which the mother is carried to the grave. I can assert from personal experience that "rayless and pathless" indeed is this world to a motherless boy of sensitive and clinging disposition. James lost his mother while yet at the tender age of five years. Happily for him—*and for us*—he found an excellent guardian just at hand.

Susannah, now Mrs. William Stairs, eldest of the family, very naturally assumed the control of the home thus early bereaved. James retained through all the years of his subsequent life a grateful remembrance of the wisdom and love which came to him through this guardianship. He was sent to a private school, conducted by a lady in the neighbourhood. Afterward he became a pupil of the late Mr. Crosskill. To this excellent tutor, by whom he was thoroughly instructed in the elements of an English education, he ever felt a special indebtedness.

The connection of the Morrow family with the Cunard business began while James was yet a boy. Indirectly, indeed, these names had been commercially associated some time before; for Robert Morrow, an uncle of James B., came to this country early in life, was engaged for many years in the Cunard establishment at Miramichi, made money, failed in business, and returned to England, where, after having repeatedly made and lost much of this world's wealth, "he died a comparatively poor man." James' father entered the

Halifax office of this growing enterprise soon after leaving the employment of Mr. Bain, and continued there for a number of years. He was afterwards made American Consul, which office he continued to hold for about five years, when it was decided that Americans only should be appointed to that position. In 1844 he went to Edinburgh, to take charge of Mr. John Stephenson's office work. This brought him into contact with the great projects of the Stephenson family, whose names were then beginning to occupy public attention in all parts of the world. John Stephenson, nearly related to the veteran George, of railway fame, was constantly employed as contractor in the immense projects which were at that time revolutionizing the commerce of England. George Stephenson remembered John Stephenson in his will, though, as far as is known to the Morrow family, the two men were not related. Mr. Morrow while in Edinburgh sent for James, who joined him there. He was then about fourteen years of age. His residence in that old classic city gave him the advantage of a training during two years in its High School, besides contributing doubtless to his tastes and habits for good in other directions.

Upon the scholastic foundation which young Morrow thus laid in early life, he must have built assiduously, by private study, in after years. Throughout coming chapters of this book, it will be seen that he filled social positions, arrived at certain biblical conclusions, and solved scores of interesting problems,

which required more educational knowledge than is embraced in a High School curriculum. He did not rest satisfied with the lessons of Halifax or Edinburgh tutors. He read, reflected, compared, and systematized, until every position he was called to occupy was adorned by his attainments. That he gave much time to several languages—sufficient at least to make him proficient in such studies as lay directly in his path to influence and honour; that he acquainted himself with the intricacies of mathematical science, all must have known who observed his readiness and intelligence in the affairs of his very responsible and busy life. There were few great public questions upon which he had not formed some independent judgment, through careful reading and meditation. This was not the least marked of his many excellencies.

To the knowledge of the French language, which he obtained in boyhood, he added by patient and continual application for several years. Even after his marriage he employed a French master in the evenings for one or two winters. Frenchmen always gave him credit for a remarkably pure accent. Spanish ships, during the days of his clerkship, came into the harbour, and he found it necessary to acquaint himself with the language of old Castile, so soft and rich in cadence and majestic in expression. He soon became so proficient as to converse with Spaniards with considerable ease. His French and Spanish Bibles, as we shall see hereafter, were among his familiar books.

It is interesting, too, to look in upon the life of the

lad at this period. He began a clerkship in the office of the Cunard Company, of which his uncle Samuel was the head. The story of that concern has yet to be written. It will prove a most entertaining chapter in the history of British commerce. Its foundations were laid in hard work. Young Morrow thus writes to a dear friend in a letter not dated, but known to belong to this early period of his life :—

"This has been a very busy day. Indeed the last of the week is always our busiest time, with steamers, and getting the mails ready for England. Now I look forward to the Sabbath as a day of rest. You, I dare say, know something of the loss of a night's rest, but when for two days and nights in succession, the mind as well as the body is kept unceasingly at work, you can fancy what it means to anticipate a day of rest. What a blessing is the Sabbath!" To his son Matthew he wrote, in 1876, this word of comparative comfort, showing that industry follows closely on the heels of success :—"Your work puts me in mind of old times, when I had to be at the office at six o'clock every morning, and had often to be up till twelve and one o'clock in the night. One night always, and sometimes two, of each fortnight, was spent entirely at hard office work." Those were days of discipline to Halifax young men who chose to submit and prosper. A co-temporary of Mr. Morrow's—one of the merchant princes of this day—assures me his own experience was very similar to that just described. His mother lived but forty miles away, yet he was not permitted

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to look upon her dear face for eighteen months after he began his apprenticeship. Twenty-one years ago I returned from Newfoundland for ordination, and took passage on the embryo railway-train from Halifax to Truro. One man did the multifarious work of conductor, baggage-master, brakeman, and sometimes ticket-agent. While reminding him of this a few days ago, he exclaimed,—"Aye, often do I think of it! If I had been idle then, I might have been before this in the poorhouse. If I had been dishonest then—for I had a bag of money to bring back every night—I might now be in the penitentiary! But hard work and honesty have left me a good coat and a clear conscience." These are the men who laid the foundations of a prosperity on which most of us are building today, so frequently with degenerate effort and purpose. In that period of stern industry James B. Morrow was true to himself as well as to his employer. He studied books and men, and kept his heart right with God.

There is such a thing as a symmetrical manhood. Young men in busy life are in danger of building their character only in one direction. Thus a man who may have attained to civic or political honours, may be but a sad deformity to the eye of a Christian or a philosopher. Like some abnormal growth seen occasionally in the forest, one or two offshoots of the tree may outgrow the tree itself, leaving it diseased at heart and withered at the extremities. We shudder at a misshapen human creature, malformed by accident, and

doomed to misery or neglect:—have we no sympathy for moral and intellectual deformities?

Let us not be uncharitable. There were sufficient reasons for the ignorance of our forefathers. Circumstances in this new country were all against them. They conquered circumstances, believing with Napoleon that "Impossible is the adjective of fools." What a strong arm, an inflexible purpose, sturdy common sense, could do, they did. Withered be the finger that points at them with scorn! Uneducated many of them, they left a legacy of education to their descendants. Bent and broken by hardship, these fields and churches and free schools and colleges are the results of their toil. They polished the colonial gems which shine in the coronet of Britain to-day. Wherever there remains man or woman of the generation which laid the corner-stone of our fair fabric, let them be ranked with heroes!

But now, reader, what have we? A free school in every section, an academy in every county, a college for each metropolis. Consequently, in point of educational privilege, all men nearly are free and equal. Ignorance has no longer a title to honour. A young merchant whose name may stand well "on Change," with a liberal credit at the bank, adding certain thousands per annum to stock account, yet having no knowledge beyond the reading of his bills-book and ledger, is surely a sorry result for the early struggles which made homes for lads in this country. Fourteen hours for grinding and scheming and sighing; seven hours

for sleep; three hours for eating and drinking, with hurried journeys to and fro, do not seem a fair division of precious time. Not an hour for intellectual or spiritual improvement; no opportunity for following the world's great movements, save what may be snatched by a feverish glance at some morning newspaper. Surely this is not building up a symmetrical manhood.

Halifax is an important stage in a great international highway. People of various languages and pursuits pass through its streets every week. Why should a young man here debar himself of the privilege of open communication between his own mind and those of travellers from continental Europe? Why limit himself to a single language, while a half-hour of each working day would soon elevate him to the acquaintance of scholars and thinkers—would qualify him to serve his country and his own interests to better advantage? And what is true of life in Halifax may be said of life almost anywhere in these Provinces, now made attractive by the genius of Artists, and the pens of Poets and Historians.

On the other hand, there is danger from false conclusions in regard to the dignity of education. James B. Morrow is an example of patient purpose in the very common and even menial duties which apprenticeship in every sphere devolves upon young men. It is a reproach for which young men themselves are responsible, that clowns and rustics make money where scholars starve. We are in a world where living actu-

alists must be met and borne with patiently, even when they are begrimed with smoke, or clothed in fustian. There is no room here for any pedantic philosophy. The region of plausible hypothesis is fully occupied. God created but one man; in him he made a scientist, a linguist, a philosopher, a perfect gentleman and a common day-labourer, all in one. Ignorance is a lamentable result of the Fall; education is an element in human restoration. That is all that can be said of it. Young men who spring full-fledged from the Universities would do well to remember these aphorisms of Hon. Schuyler Colfax:—

"It is not what you eat, but what you digest, that makes you grow."

"It is not what you study, but what you remember and reflect upon, that makes you learned."

"Knowledge is not what you learn in your boyhood, but what you obtain and remember in a life-time."

CHAPTER III.

THE SECRET OF HIS STRENGTH.

"The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God will be like unto Him, He being the beginning, middle and end of all things."—*Socrates.*

"The bread of life is love; the salt of love is work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith."—*Mrs. Jameson.*

THREE mighty influences were brought to bear upon the character of James B. Morrow from the age of sixteen to eighteen:—He received a change of heart; imbibed a lofty purpose from the study of the Bible; and came under the eye and counsels of a very extraordinary Christian man.

It must have been soon after his return to Halifax, from Edinburgh, that he began an active religious life. The particulars of that interesting epoch are fresh in the memory of persons now living. It was an event of some importance in the old Argyle Street Methodist Church, was a subject of no little comment at the time,

and around it clustered many bright hopes and fervent prayers.

The Morrows, it is thought, must have been Methodists from the earliest days of that great religious awakening. James' grandfather was a Methodist, as was his father, all through life. Of the other branches of the family, some were Episcopalians and others Presbyterians. His mother was brought up a Presbyterian, and was a consistent member of that communion till her death. It may thus be seen, that, apart from the catholic spirit of the man, there were strong reasons why James B. Morrow should be tender and charitable toward all evangelical Churches.

While attending the Sabbath School in Argyle Street, his mind became deeply impressed with the lessons so faithfully imparted in that nursery of Methodism. A revival which began among the teachers and scholars, extended to the congregation. Rev. Mr. Bennett, the pastor—a man of a singularly devoted ministry—followed up the opportunity thus offered for good, by much personal and direct pulpit and pastoral work.

It is related that, while the revival was in progress, James found strong attractions in other directions. A town meeting was summoned, for a purpose not now known, which he attended on an evening while service was being conducted in the Church, and before his final step as to a religious life and purpose had been fully taken. Whether the town meeting had any political colouring or not, it is easy to imagine that

there must have been no little political electricity in the air at the time. Nova Scotia held, at that day, a galaxy of public men, such as few colonies of the same population have ever produced. There is not a schoolboy amongst us whose heart does not swell with pride as he turns over the pages of that period in the history of his native province. "These were the men!" said Joseph Howe, in his last hours, with his hands on his breast, and suffering from oppressive breathing. The veteran might well rest delightedly on the memory of his associates. One of the first sounds that greeted my own ears, as I landed a boy from Scotland, was the tread of those giants, as they marched to the storming of what was for years a key-fortress in every political campaign—the county of Cumberland.

Wordsworth, writing of the French Revolution "as it appeared to enthusiasts at its commencement," and imagining himself a Frenchman of that epoch, dwells upon the

> "Mighty auxiliars, which then stood
> Upon our side."

And adds:—

> "Bliss was it then to be alive
> But to be young was very heaven."

The "mighty auxiliars" of Nova Scotia accomplished bloodless revolutions, and have left a legacy of responsible government, with its kindred benefits, to their sons. Our poets may sing of the past days as did Wordsworth of France, and without any qualification.

How far young Morrow's unswerving and ardent loyalty, his regard for purity in public men, and his abiding hope for the land of his nativity, may have been engendered by such eloquence as Halifax listened to in those days, we can only conjecture.

The religious conviction which had entered the heart of the youth, however, led him back from the town meeting to old Argyle Street. His father, noticing his purpose, permitted him to retire, following him with a benediction. That night was the turning-point in his life. He sought and found mercy, through the merits of Jesus Christ. To omit from a biography of James B. Morrow a special reference to the religion which he then embraced and received into a loving heart, would be to paint our world without that influence which fell upon it when God said "Let there be light." It beautified, illumined and gladdened his whole manhood for thirty-three years.

For twelve months the profiting of the youth appeared unto all men. There is some difference of opinion as to the year that followed. Some say there was a visible decline in his piety, that his best friends cherished grave fears for his usefulness. Others assert the contrary. It is certain there were causes, very natural ones, for the change, if it did occur. He was "a fine, handsome young man," says a cotemporary, "open to all temptations and allurements." Halifax society was quite as varied,—as gay and frivolous, where it was not sensible and wholesome—then as now. At all events, there is but one testimony as to the sub-

sequent period of his youthful manhood—he served God and his generation unswervingly. The chief instruments in bringing this about deserve to be noticed at length. His Bible and its influence upon his habits, I will take up in a future chapter. I must now attempt to describe a man whose name will meet the eyes of my readers more frequently than they might imagine otherwise it deserved.

Francis Johnson was by birth an Irishman, by education a Roman Catholic. I speak of education in the domestic sense, for as to knowledge of the schools, he seems to have been utterly deficient up to nearly middle life. He arrived in Halifax, a soldier, in the 34th Regiment, about the year 1830. His life previous to this period has not been noticed in any account I have met of his career; but a hint is given that he found his way by some means to a Methodist Sunday School, obtained a New Testament, and thence became greatly distressed about his sins. His convictions, indeed, were of the very pungent kind which so often precede a life of great religious fervency and usefulness, as for instance in the cases of Bunyan and Colonel Gardner. On the 12th of January, 1832, he "received a gracious persuasion that he was accepted in Christ." One of the first visible fruits of this change was a persevering industry in self-improvement. He learned to read and write, and soon turned his new powers to great advantage among his comrades. But persecutions met him from the outset. Among twelve companions in the same sleeping apartment, he was the only one who

prayed before retiring to rest. Jests and jibes were followed by active persecution. His comrades would use him as a target for shoes and belts, or attempt to raise him on his feet by seizing his hair and whiskers. From this fierce school of discipline, Francis Johnson passed at length, by discharge from the army, into the fellowship of citizens and saints. In 1840 he returned to the Customs' service, having an office on Cunard's Wharf. Officials in the Methodist Church, with which he was by this time connected, noticing his zeal, gave him a class-book. From two or three members, his class grew till it was of necessity divided. Again and again this was repeated, notwithstanding many of his members removed to other parts, and some fell back into indifference. When he was compelled to discontinue this charge, he had three classes on his hands, numbering in the aggregate sixty-one persons! If anything in the man's marvellous life exceeded his success as a class-leader, it was his success in the Sabbath School. From being a teacher, he attained to the Superintendency of Brunswick Street Sabbath School, in 1847, which office he occupied, with a short interval, for nineteen years. He began with ninety scholars, and when he resigned there were four hundred and sixty on the roll! In one year thirty of the scholars joined the Church. In another year seventy-two were reported as meeting in class. On three different occasions, the trustees found it necessary to enlarge the school-room. From this school went forth scores of

excellent and influential men and women. At least two of its scholars entered the ministry.

Among Mr. Johnson's writings were found papers which he had prepared from time to time on Christian work and methods, which were the admiration of many for their beautiful, succinct and original modes of thought and diction. A private memorandum-book which he used during a voyage to the West Indies and back for his health, has been handed to me by his wife, whose name, with many others that he carried to the Mercy-seat, occurs frequently in its pages. It is, from beginning to end, a mirror of the man—simple-hearted, godly and sweet-tempered in every expression. He records the names of scores for whom he continued to pray—brethren in the Church and teachers in the Sabbath-school. He remembers the hours of meeting in "dear old Halifax," and joins the fellowship of believers in spirit. A Sabbath-school which he visited is carefully noticed, with a view "to learning from them if possible." The Superintendent "seemed to take things very easy;" he found "only three of the teachers whose hearts seemed to be in their work." A quaint expression occurs at intervals, showing that his native wit had not quite forsaken him. "I have just been offered some of what they call here Old Tom; I should call it Old Nick! But it gave me a chance to talk temperance." Again—"The *Alpha* is dashing ahead to Halifax. May Francis Johnson make as good headway to heaven!" Even his medicine is taken with a

blessing asked. More than one young man much in these prayers of fifteen years ago, is still in the shadows of sin. It is among the mysteries of godliness that persons like Francis Johnson are permitted to pray in vain for any good object. This may help to preserve some reader from the presumption of trusting too much to the intercessions of good men, even though they be "princes, having power with God." There is a boundary line which each sinner must cross for himself, or perish. He must submit. "*Yield* yourselves unto God," said Paul to the Romans.

A youth of James B. Morrow's temperament could not well spend years on the same premises with Francis Johnson without feeling the force of his influence. Persons of far rougher fibre yielded to his powerful example and advice. From one who well remembers the period which we are considering, I learn that the mere presence of the man was itself both an encouragement and a rebuke. His manner, though meek and unassuming, "commanded more respect than he could have gained from titles at the hands of Queen Victoria." One does not need to go farther than the evidence of those stately warehouses, to ascertain that many clerks, porters, carpenters, coopers, engineers and day labourers, were on the Cunard premises late and early, in times gone by. And the usual human and diabolical evil was there, mingling with the human and divine good. "The men were very profane," says our informant, "till Mr. Johnson came. Then all was changed. We rarely

heard an oath after his influence was once thoroughly established. When we did, it was from some stranger, come to work for a day or two, but he would soon find that he was alone, and so cease. During the doubtful twelve months of which James's steadfastness in religion is so much a matter of dispute among friends who knew him, Mr. Johnson gave him but little peace. The lad's walk and conversation did not come up to his standard, at all events. "I missed you last night, James, at the prayer-meeting." "Are you living as near to God as six months ago, my lad?" "I could not withstand Mr. Johnson," said James afterward; "he was a lighthouse, never failing to show the dangers ahead." Many, many stars will shine in the crown of rejoicing of that heroic old soldier; but it may be questioned if a brighter one will stud his diadem than James Bain Morrow. They are together now—victors from equally heroic scenes and deeds of holy conflict—sharers in the happy spoils. Was it from Mr. Johnson's example that Mr. Morrow adopted his patient, persevering, buoyant manner of usefulness? The motive, every one knows, came from Christ; the methods may have been partly those of him who traversed, through mingled tribulation and joy, that marvellous journey from the barracks to mansions of glory.

Mr. Morrow became a member of Mr. Johnson's class in January, 1853, to which he gave regular weekly attendance till he was himself appointed a class-leader at some later date.

Diaries of Christian experience are of little value to general readers. Human emotions, in different individuals, under ordinary circumstances, seldom vary to any considerable extent. It is doubtful, besides, if any person, with the anticipation of what the world may think of the narrative, can write a perfectly honest record of one's own mind and its exercises. But a perfectly transparent relation of soul-growth, amid its common associations of conflict, self-depreciation, upward ambition, and abnegation, is always valuable in teaching young converts the possibilities of the religious life. Fortunately, there are limited expressions of this kind in Mr. Morrow's writings during his earlier discipleship. They were never intended for any eyes beyond those of the one loved friend to whom they were addressed; and are, for that reason, to be regarded as the heart's sincere confession at the time. The reader may judge by a few extracts as to where this young Christian stood in relation to his Lord, the world about him, and himself:—

"*June 9th, 1851.*—The band-meeting, on Saturday evening, is always to me a good time, and so particularly was the last one. I feel that my besetting sin is lightness -trifling with the world in conversation. But on Saturday evening He who gave me the repenting heart also gave the witness of His pardon and acceptance.

'O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise'"

"*June 10th.*—I find the service of Christ to be perfect freedom, and I have to rejoice in what I experience of the love of God. Not in boasting do I say this; I know I have been the chief of sinners; long did I sin against light ere I yielded to the Spirit's call. Not unto

myself, O Lord, but unto Thee, do I ascribe the glory, for Thou hast made me what by grace I am."

"*August 23rd.*—On Saturday evening I went to the band-meeting. Mr. Morton, who usually meets it, was away from home. I thought Mr. Johnson would lead, but he asked me to do so. I objected. He insisted. I gave out a hymn, but as I proceeded I nearly fell down. God, however, assisted; He did bless me. I cannot tell you how I feel on such occasions. My natural diffidence would lead me to hide behind a pillar, or in a corner. Yesterday was to me both pleasant and profitable. I heard Mr. McLeod in the morning. Mr. Rice preached in the evening from Romans viii. 33: "The love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord." O what joy to hear of this love! A subject so grand, that finite minds cannot comprehend it—so full, that all may obtain blessings from it—so free that all may bathe in it, as in the ocean."

We have, probably, in the entry of August 23rd, 1851, an allusion to the first service which James B. Morrow ever conducted. Little did his friend, evidently solicitous to bind him to Christ by the mingled joys and obligations of active service, foresee the end to which this trembling effort was to lead. It may be assumed that Mr. Morrow's voice, during subsequent years, was heard by tens of thousands in different parts of this continent. As he ascertained that a path of great public usefulness was opening before him, he began a system of preparation which involved such diligence and labour as few men with his secular responsibilities have compassed, and of which our readers may soon have an opportunity to judge. Though never remarkable for great readiness of speech, he attained to a methodical and instructive style of address that was often the admiration of his

hearers. And all proceeding from the insignificant fountain-head of a Saturday evening Band meeting! It has been a copious source of sanctified eloquence to the world, however, the Methodist Band Meeting. The number of God's ambassadors who have found there the first stimulus and aptitude for expounding the unsearchable riches of Christ, will never be reckoned.

Very soon the community about him began to feel the force of his ceaseless and energetic labours. In the Sabbath-school and the week-night services of the Church, his earnestness and power in prayer were often the subject of remark. Within a year or two of his conversion, he had established regular religious meetings at the North West Arm. Here "he taught both children and grown people to read, and addressed as many as would gather together on subjects of eternal importance. "From that day to the day of his death," writes the same friend, in reply to my enquiries regarding this subject, "he was always engaged in some kind of mission work." Through storm and sunshine the company of scholars and hearers at the Arm continued to assemble, regulated by the confidence that "young Master," would be with them for certain. A word of enquiry even at this day will call up willing, precious testimonies, in that vicinity, to the praise of James B. Morrow's devotion to Christ and the interests of His kingdom.

CHAPTER IV.

AT HOME.

"Whenever we step out of domestic life in search of felicity, we come back again disappointed, tired, and chagrined. One day passed under our own roof, with our friends and our family, is worth a thousand in another place."—*Earl of Orrery.*

"Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the Fall."

—*Cowper.*

ON March 20th, 1855, Mr. Morrow was united in marriage to Matilda, second daughter of Rev. Matthew Richey, D.D. Personal respect and admiration for this distinguished divine, as well as the reputation which he so long sustained for the highest order of eloquence, render it reasonable that his name should have a more extended reference than might seem to be called for in a memoir of his son-in-law.

Matthew Richey was born in Ramelton, North of Ireland. His parents were Presbyterians, of the old Cameronian School. At an early age he gave indica-

tions of a remarkable aptitude for learning, especially in the department of Greek and Latin classics. At fourteen he had already made the acquaintance of authors in those languages, which are usually reserved for the lecture drill of advanced students. With the same precocity he decided, while yet a boy, as to the precise system of theology he would adopt. The choice of an Arminian faith resulted, as a first sad consequence, in his estrangement from the parental affections at home. By the permission of father and mother, however, he left his native country and took passage for St. John, New Brunswick. Here he obtained a position in a lawyer's office. He soon found what was doubtless more congenial employment in imparting to others a knowledge of his beloved classics, by becoming assistant teacher in the principal academy of that city. In 1821 he offered for the Methodist ministry and was accepted. Thenceforward his career was one of increasing popularity. "The boy preacher," at the age of seventeen, was followed by admiring crowds. With the exception of a winter in Charleston, S. C., where the same eagerness to hear him became a feature of his ministry from the beginning, his effective life has been spent in Canada, and exclusively in the interests of Methodism and general philanthropy. In Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Charlottetown, St. John, and other cities—as Principal of an Academy, Chairman of District, Superintendent of Missions, and President of Conference—he has given the most distinguished service. As author and editor

his pen was employed to rare advantage. There are evidences, though known to but few, and never once used, so far as I am aware, by way of boast, or as a reasonable claim for sympathy, that Dr. Richey has withstood brilliant inducements in more than one direction, to swerve from the profession and the Church of which he was so long an ornament.

In 1862 he was stationed at St. John, N. B., with Rev. J. R. Narraway, A.M., and myself as his associates. Though then in the vicinity of sixty years of age, "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." As a Biblical exegete and expositor he always excelled, though his chief excellency was a style of eloquence which it would be very difficult to define. To say that its language was extraordinary for beauty, that its sentences were polished by the very highest art of refined criticism, that its elocution was faultless, would not do justice to the type of eloquence which Dr. Richey held in his own exclusive right. There were stores of learning and experience, subtle powers of analysis, very keen perceptions of the subject in all its details, and a mastery of arrangement, which constituted the great charm of his address to educated hearers. Of all this combination of special qualities, his marvellous potency of language was perhaps the grandest and most conspicuous. When Lord Palmerston spoke of Cobden's as "Demosthenic eloquence," critics objected that the great Athenian orator was majestic, overbearing; whereas Cobden's style was quiet, conversational and simple. It was true, however, that in

essential practical common sense—"the present and determinate purpose"—there was a very marked similarity. When Dr. DeWolf, himself mellifluous and grand at times, characterized at a Conference session the address of Dr. Richey as "Ciceronian eloquence," a universal burst of applause met his ears, which told how appropriate and happy in one way was the similitude.

Mr. Morrow greatly admired and loved Dr. Richey. There were manly attitudes, strong, but ever Christian words, which the princely divine found it necessary to assume and utter at certain periods of his life; these were often repeated by his son-in-law. There were times, if I mistake not, when the remembrance of them helped to give dignity and force to his own character. My readers will see more clearly the influence of such a man upon his intimate companions when I give them the words of an authority before whom multitudes stood with reverence thirty years ago. Dr. James Dixon, returning from an American tour, as delegate from the British Conference, in 1848, inserted this paragraph in a personal narrative which was published at the time: "At Halifax I lost my dear friend, Dr. Richey, and was truly desolate. He had been my companion at Pittsburg, at the Canada Conference at Belleville, and travelled with me through Canada, and forward to this place. Truth and justice demand that I should say, that Dr. Richey is one of the most perfect Christian gentlemen I ever came in contact with. Politeness, founded on gentle, warm and

genuine affection, is the very element of his nature. I never heard from him a rash, rude, or unkind word, much less ever saw him perpetrate an unchristian or unbecoming action. I looked after my dear friend as far as the dim lamps would allow me to see him, and in my heart bade him a sad, a long, a last adieu."

When I add my own unqualified assent to this estimate of Dr. Richey's character, and ask my readers to infer that he must always be permitted to hold an honoured place among the agencies which gave us so well-rounded a life as that of James B. Morrow, my seeming digression will readily be pardoned.

The domestic life which I am about to trace is not the easiest part of my task. It will be difficult to convince readers whose acquaintance with the man was not intimate, that his memoir in some particulars is not overdrawn, and in no respect is this more likely to be the case than in the description of his home as he stood related to it.

"From the time of his marriage, when his salary was $1,200 per annum, his rule was to give away a tenth of his income." This is our first glimpse of Mr. Morrow's benevolence and the purposes by which it was regulated. There are features of this subject which cannot be delineated, simply because a motive which sought concealment during life must not be rudely disturbed now that death has closed its exercise. It is enough to say that the tenth, as accountant, and as partner, was always the least of his income which went to meet the claims of mercy; that at certain

seasons the proportion was very far beyond this standard; that the modes of distributing his money were sometimes laborious, though delightful, for they necessitated a systematic visitation and perpetual enquiry, to make sure that nothing was done unwisely; that the circle of his benevolence was so wide, the objects of it so numerous, as to excite the wonder of one having access to correspondence revealing some of the secret habits of his life.

As far back as July 14th, 1852, I find him communicating an experimental fact or two having relation to this, and which throws some light on the kind of training to which he was subjecting himself:

"I have been reading Mr. Wesley's sermon on Self-Denial. How far short I come of the mark in reference to this grace! With Mr. Croscombe, I must pray for self-abandonment, that each thought, word, and action may be to God's glory."

Here was a good foundation for a business life! Again:

"*Nov. 6th*, 1853.—My thoughts this morning were occupied with—My duty to my neighbour. How remiss I have been in this! Truly I am an unprofitable servant."

Many a widow and orphan and young man was to participate in the fruits of these convictions and purposes.

As the influence of Christianity extends, private benevolence must necessarily increase. There are signs of great cheer in this respect; but while institutions sustained by public liberality are multiplying, are there

not evidences in other directions that entirely too much money is being hoarded under the very shadows of all our churches? The natural unwillingness to surrender our trust in, and love of, earthly possessions, is one of our principal modern dangers. "A rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven." "Men who only relinquish their hold upon money when they are called upon to die," says Fuller, "would not relinquish it then if they could help it." Young men will find it perhaps irksome at first to estimate carefully their real duty and ability to give, on the principle of setting apart—"sanctifying"—a proportion of their income. They may find it a positive self-denial to make what may appear to be inroads on a small capital being prepared for independent business life. But there are other considerations which cannot be left out of this controversy with self. The balance sheet is demanded by other parties, and the proportion of profits as well. God, and unfortunate human sufferers, are partners—ought to be, at least—in our business affairs. If you begin as a Christian, resolve to be true in this respect. It will save much distress to your indigent and struggling neighbours; possibly it may prevent more serious trouble to your own conscience. Besides, it is due to the religion you profess. Prayers are very well, and good wishes, but popular, cheap and useless, without such action as our ability allows to convert the wish into a fact. Henry IV. wished there was a fowl stewing in every poor man's pot throughout France;

yet, though designated "The Great" and "The Good," one of the stigmas on his memory is, that he did nothing to fulfil his own wishes for the poor. "Pray that you may be benevolent," said a preacher once; "then go and answer your own prayers." Persons who acquire the habit of giving, find it an unending source of satisfaction.

I quote again:—"To his father, who lived with his family for several years, Mr. Morrow was the most devoted and attentive son I ever saw. Only a few days before his death, when, under the influence of one of his premonitions, he said something as to the possibility that his life might be cut short. I said in reply, 'You will live long;' he asked why? I repeated the promise, 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee;' and added, 'I never saw such a good son as you were, so the promise is yours.'"

The writer of this extract submissively construes Christ's other promise, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die," into a verification of that in the Fifth Commandment. True, James B. Morrow was not permitted to see, scarcely to taste, death. Of the scores of letters which came streaming in by every mail in the succeeding days of mourning, there is a very frequent reference to that most comprehensive and significant of all human epitaphs—"He was not, for God took him." By common consent, his was a translation. But there is another sense in which the filial commandment has an application to the

honoured dead, quite as true to the principles of divine equity and goodness. Mr. Morrow's years, measured by what he said, and did, and accomplished, were ten common lives in one. In the memory, too, of what he was, his "days shall be long in the land." "Keep my memory green," said Charles Dickens. It is the natural ambition this of every noble spirit, and to the pure and good its gratification is never denied.

It ought to be a pleasant duty, that of comforting father or mother in their downward progress to the grave. God never gave to son or daughter a more precious privilege. Certainly he has enjoined no responsibility that is more remunerative. In the great Decalogue it has a distinct commandment and promise, all to itself. Fortunes and conquests and honours are left out of that epitome of duties and privileges which God wrote with His finger on two tables of stone; but father and mother are in—stamped in so deeply that they survive the attritions of the ages.

A clergyman, writing from Newfoundland, says: "Mr. Morrow's family was the most pleasant, the most perfect in all respects, I have ever known." Another minister says: "Personally I have lost a real friend—one with whom I have taken sweet counsel—a brother born for adversity. I can never think of his beautiful Christian home, with all the more than kindness I received there during my illness, without repeating Paul's prayer, changing the name—'The Lord give mercy to the house of Onesiphorous.'" These are expressions which I find repeated in other forms through-

out at least forty or fifty letters from different individuals and localities. They are sufficiently suggestive. I must now refer to incidents in my own memory.

In the forenoon of a Sabbath in the summer of 1861, I was preparing to enter the pulpit of Exmouth Street Church, St. John, N. B., when my attention was directed to two strangers who sought seats as they joined the congregation. They were both young men; one of medium size, the other taller. From their intelligent attention to the exercises of the service, it became apparent that they were sincere Christians. Our singing was strengthened by their voices—a kind of assistance very readily appreciated by a people who were but beginning to mould themselves into sanctuary habits of order and good taste. That is my only recollection of the circumstances. Next day, during a visit to the Rev. Dr. Richey, then stationed at Germain St. Church, and my Superintendent, I learned that his two sons-in-law had been with us in our morning service. Thus I came to my first casual acquaintance with James Bain Morrow. His companion of that morning I knew in after years as one of the profoundest thinkers of my acquaintance, possessing a mind singularly original, especially in the study of mathematical science.

Of Mr. Morrow I was to know more, during associations more or less intimate, covering a period of nineteen years. His name even then was a household word among Methodist ministers. As responsible and confidential clerk in the Cunard business, he was a very

important element in the itinerant economy of the Methodist Church, having connections with England, Newfoundland and Bermuda. His counsel, sympathy and co-operation, in furthering the interests of clergymen and their families, of our Church and others, having occasion to make passages by the steamboat lines, must have been very far-reaching. My acquaintance with Mr. Morrow was renewed during my ministry in Windsor, in whose classic and picturesque suburbs Dr. Richey had selected a rural home. Hither the presence of that entertaining divine attracted his son-in-law from time to time.

Several very interesting features of that home life, whose atmosphere I always breathed with no little exhilaration when visiting Halifax, struck me at once. Of course the husband and father contributed much to make the domestic circle what it was. A very slight change in his manner, so natural, buoyant and spontaneous, would have changed everything. He had a keen relish for humour, which often animated his conversation, and led the company—of whom the children, down to the youngest, were considered always a part—into free interchange of opinions. One instance of this kind often comes to my memory when I listen at any time to a running commentary on preachers and preaching. Mr. Morrow had either heard or read of a coloured brother—perhaps met with the incident among the coloured people to whom he sometimes officiated on the Sabbath—who silenced his companions, as they were applying a discourse they had heard to

certain black sheep of the pastor's flock, with the shrewd rejoinder: "Too liberal, bredren; altogether too liberal. You gibben de good man's bread all away to yo' neighbours, and keepin' nuffin for yourselves!" "Who gave away the good man's bread, pa?" asks little black eyes in the high chair; 'And did the good man starve?" Here follows, amid general laughter, an attempt to explain the very unchildish philosophy of charity to one's neighbour, and an unwillingness to submit to the truth.

It was a home to which no one who had enjoyed it once was likely to require a pressing invitation thereafter. To ministers particularly there was all the charm that intelligence, piety, and most devoted attention to a stranger's wants, would be sure to create. Ministers were sick there; at least one minister was married there. During Conference and other ecclesiastical occasions it was a popular resort. Among the forty or fifty letters of condolence sent in by clergymen after Mr. Morrow's death, or to myself personally in compiling for this memoir, I find allusions to such acts and words, during the enjoyment of his hospitality, as could never be obliterated from the memory.

There is a letter, dated July 6th, 1880, addressed to a ministerial friend, in which occurs the following paragraph: "It is an abiding source of thankfulness to know you pray for me. I dare say I have told you, Father Pope often used to say to me, he prayed for me *every day*. Now that God has taken *him*, it is a comfort to know that I have still an intercessor

daily remembering me. Is this why it happens I so often experience *miracles of mercy?* To God be glory!" The allusion to Father Pope (a lovely sample of mature religious character, and for many years the simple-hearted, undisguised ideal of goodness, whose name was known to all denominations in Halifax) is very touching. The blessed old man would go his weekly rounds cheering us all in our business and ministerial responsibilities, with a word which left warmth and sunshine behind him—"I pray for you every day, brother." There were certain persons, much pressed by anxiety, whose welfare Father Pope carried into his devotions.

"I always admired him as the pious head of a family," writes Rev. Elias Brettle. "He was so genial and playful, with his interesting children, more like an elder brother; though he never compromised his parental authority." One of the most difficult problems to parents is, how they may retain the confidence of their sons and daughters, even in little things, without abating their own proper and natural supremacy. It is a sad day for any father when his child selects a confessional outside of his own home. This difficult problem seems to have been satisfactorily solved by Mr. Morrow. It is often a subject of remark that he found so much time for philanthropic objects; the wonder to me is, that he could keep up such a minute and perpetual correspondence with members of his household as they began to find temporary homes elsewhere. At periods when the business of the

firm was very perplexing, and on occasions when official duties to the Church, or the Companies he served or represented, were making large demands upon his strength, he would preface a letter to one of his children with an apology, and then fill up several pages with the most interesting details of family history. The baby's cunning ways and speeches; the habits of the favourite dog; some little startling accident; in short, a portrait of home life. To Matthew he sends stamps—rare privilege for a boy in those days to have a thoughtful father, who was receiving letters with "hard" or "queer" stamps, from places seldom mentioned in the Geography! And all this at a date, as he writes to another, when "I have to push to keep up with the daily papers, and eight or nine hours' steady drive at the pen daily makes one apt to lay things aside to a convenient time." The father misses his absent boy from the weekly class which he conducted; replies to a request for a few weeks' detention of one of his daughters at Montreal, that he "cannot really spare her—she has taken away some of the sunshine;" and so on, never ending without pointing an index finger to Christ and heaven, and breathing a parental prayer for the child's happiness and preservation.

An extract or two will best illustrate this part of my subject. To one of his sons from home he writes:

"There is no such thing in this world as independence. We are continually made to feel that we are but part of a great whole, and have to be governed by the wishes and sometimes the whims of others.

* * * I think a good deal about you. You have trials and temptations, but 'it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth.' Much can be done by a little management. Arrangements are apt to be broken in upon, but, at the same time, you must have system. Even Sunday you should try and have a method—for service, school if you attend one, or Bible-class at the Y. M. C. A. I would go to bed early on Sunday night, and have strength to begin well on Monday. In the week, you want one night for class, one for prayer-meeting, one for visiting, one for reading at home and writing to us. Without system your time will be frittered away. Fix your night for exercise, gymnasium, etc. Time will never hang heavy on your hands if you are occupied. Whatever you do, dear boy, don't forget the Lord Jesus Christ. It is, after all, the great point of life to serve God. With all the money in the world, what would it avail us without the love of God in the heart? With this, what have we to fear? So, never give up your religion. Never be ashamed of Christ; and the older you become and the more you see of the world, the more precious will Jesus be to you. We are all well. Count Mareschelschi, a nephew of Marshal MacMahon, President of France, takes tea with us to-night."

It must have been early in our acquaintance that, sitting quietly in conversation one evening after the family had retired, he spoke of his eldest son and daughter with a natural happiness becoming the circumstances of his remarks. They had, without any special urging from their parents, decided to spend their evenings at home, instead of at parties or public entertainments. Of course there was a limit to this decision; but it gave him great satisfaction to see what he regarded as an effort on their part at early self-denial. Others would have found in it rather a compliment to the father himself. It would be difficult to reach a more pleasurable circle than that in which they lived. Human nature is, the world over,

disposed to fellowship; but it is passing sad to think that many homes do not provide it. Dwelling under the same roof, boarding at the same table, parents and children meet between whom there is scarcely a point of contact—whose souls are as separate as if they were elements in a crucible repelled by some chemist's powerful solvent. "Heaven is a glorious place," said a pastor to one of the children of his parish, "and your father will be there." "O, then," replied the child, "I dinna want to gang!" There were bitter memories behind that naughty expression. The father may have been all that was good, except just goodness; and a heaven would be intolerable with the presence of one who, perhaps, left money behind him, which, in the fell struggle to heap it together, had lost him his child.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE CHURCH.

The true and grand idea of a Church is—a society for making men like Christ, earth like heaven, the kingdoms of the world the kingdom of God.

—*Dr. Arnold.*

FROM memoranda left by Mr. Johnson, it was inferred that Mr. Morrow became a Class-Leader in 1857. There are, however, very definite reasons for concluding that he was thus actively engaged at a much earlier period. In a letter without date, but certainly written previous to 1854, there is a paragraph which sets this question at rest, while it reveals the spirit in which the young Leader—about 22 years of age—entered upon his serious responsibility. I quote:

"Mr. Johnson tells me I shall likely have to take charge of a little boys' class. I scarcely know what to do in this matter, believing as I do that this is one of the most important classes we have. Here are six or ten boys, with their hearts under the influence of the Holy

Spirit. The ideas now being formed of Class-Meeting will perhaps never be effaced from their memory. Their minds unformed, their ideas of religion probably undefined, and I but a babe in religion myself, to be placed in charge of these precious souls. I feel it is a charge of vast responsibility, and were my feelings consulted would gladly be released from it. But if it be my Father's will, I will implore His grace to enable me to fulfil the trust. I have been so unfaithful as a Sabbath-school teacher, that I may well be humbled before God."

There are occasional references to this boys' class in subsequent letters—his sense of inability and unworthiness, but, withal, his comfort in the use of the privilege thus assigned to him. It would be interesting to know what became of these youthful subjects of so much prayerful solicitude. Not that we need fear for the results altogether:

"The little drift of common dust
By the March winds disturbed and toss'd,
Though driven by the fitful gust,
Is changed, but never lost.
It yet may bear some sturdy stem,
Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or crown with verdurous diadem
Some ruin of the past"—

which is quite as true in morals as in vegetation.

About this period we find him writing:

"Last evening I was reading the Life of Rev. J. Smith, and was struck with this thought, 'Many people talk of the expediency of this thing; the need of performing the other thing; but while thus talking the moment for action slips by, and the opportunity for doing is lost.' *Act—act now*, is the word that should be constantly impressed upon the mind, and put into practice."

Again:

"I have been very busy with steamers, but am now through my day's work. How pleasantly the past few days have passed. Though there have been the cares and trials incident to life, yet by grace I have been saved through faith, and *that* the gift of God. My path is strewn with blessings, *all undeserved;* and though clouds of temptation have arisen, yet the Sun of Righteousness has broken and dispelled the gloom."

Plainly, the influence of Francis Johnson was following his disciple. A custom of this true soldier for his Master was, often, to leave the little office on the wharf at dinner hour and spend it with the sick and sorrowing, instead of at his own home. Young Morrow had this example before him, doubtless, when he wrote:

"I had fondly hoped to have been able often to visit the sick and others, but I am so tied to the office it is impossible to do much in that way."

Only twenty-two, and sighing for opportunities to share an hour with cripples and the diseased, who were living above ricketty stairs and in shaded garrets! Yet this young man was "fair to look upon," and open to the sunlight as a flower in its gay young morning; not morbid by any means, but following Christ, who, at his age, pursued precisely such employment. What must have been the effect of such a Leader among boys, calling upon them to "*Act—act now,*" and pointing to the woes and miseries of mankind, beckoning all who would help to follow him?

From that date until death, Mr. Morrow was a recognized Leader in the Methodist Church. The boys

grew to manhood, and required a more distinct recognition as themselves members and co-workers. The efficiency to which he attained in this department of usefulness is said to have been very marked. In the village where I now write he met once or twice a class of adult members, some of whom remember his words at those times as being the most impressive they had ever heard from his lips. "He lived near to God," they say, "and seemed to carry a heavenly influence with him. His talk was all Bible."

He must have assumed the relation of Local Preacher about the same early period. A meeting was begun in a room near Freshwater, which was kept up by regular supply from city workers for some time. In regard to this appointment he says:

"Mr. Johnson has shown me the plan for the meeting down South. I am not to go till the 14th of January. I would willingly not go at all—would rather be 'little and unknown.' Yet I trust God may bless this means to the good of many souls. And may those who go thither as speakers, go armed with the Spirit's sword."

He was thus fairly in harness, having already three separate offices in the Church, while but a youth, and at a period in which most young men, at best, are only in religious leading-strings.

Mr. Morrow's services were classed, by persons who did not understand Methodistic economy, with those of professional evangelists. Nothing was farther from his thoughts than to assume independent responsibilities, even in the high calling of an expounder of the Word. He was a Methodist Local Preacher, and

spurned the imputation of attempting work which belonged, by divine appointment, to ministers of the Gospel. The sacred office was *always* sacred in his estimation. He would have, in the high places of religion, men unhampered by worldly exigencies, and so independent of the smiles or frowns of mankind that they might fearlessly proclaim the truth. Sufficient is said in these pages to show how willing he was to sit at the feet of "the dear ministers," as he called them, of any and every evangelical Church. At the same time, he unhesitatingly accepted the doctrine of individual responsibility as held by the Church of which he was a member, and so sought no other authority for proclaiming the will of God to perishing men.

The spirit in which he met the calls for Sabbath service, which pressed upon him so frequently, was not the least admirable trait of his disposition. To many preachers there is a degree of humiliation in being obliged to "fill a gap." Human nature resents any undue interference with one's privileges and prerogatives. Few care to occupy the place announced for another speaker; and if the vacancy be caused for the convenience of that other, it may well be pardoned of the substitute if he demur and hesitate. Besides, there is an unreasonable—I fear a growing—prejudice against Local Preachers, which may be a sort of sacerdotal sentimentalism. He knew all this. I have seen him tried in this way by almost every form of temptation. Perhaps late on Saturday, or early on

Sabbath, he would be told that some minister was sick, or absent, and his place must be filled. His manner at such times was always touching for its humility and promptitude. Now that he has left us, that the record of his services is so gratefully expressed, that thousands look back with pleasure at what he did, and how he did it, the question will not occur to any of us—we are sure it does not concern him at this moment—What were the exigencies that called him out? Did he go because he was sought, or because there was none other? It may be doubted if he ever interfered with a programme on which his own name stood as a speaker. He never questioned as to motives or objects in assigning to him certain work. "Try and avoid calling me out on boat days," he would say; and perhaps add, "here is the run of our English steamers in and out. At any other time I am at your disposal." But even this reasonable limit was sometimes transgressed. We who knew his cares, would sometimes, in mercy to the man, go the round of other possible supply. Rarely we succeeded, for preachers in the city are secured usually in advance; or it might be that others would decline on the material ground of insufficient warning. Then we would return to Brunswick street, and explain the circumstances. That was sufficient. I cannot recall an instance in which there was a refusal.

This may be the proper place to mention another duty which he filled in his own honest way.

Mr. Morrow's manner in the prayer-meeting seemed

to me specially significant. It was a subject of remark at times, when under the influence of strong feeling, that he would abase himself at prayer in a way not usual among modern worshippers. With his hands closely clasped, resting on the seat, he would bend his head low between his arms, his body, in a kneeling posture, almost touching the floor. I have no doubt that this posture, perhaps unconscious and unstudied on his part, was much the result of his favourite reading. Lingering over those awful scenes of Old Testament history, which describe the intercourse of Jehovah with mortals of the first Dispensation, he imbibed their spirit and imitated their manners. The place was to him holy ground. He would probably have "put off the shoes from off his feet," if the occasion had admitted of, or required it.

It matters little, it may be thought, what the attitude in worship, provided the heart be sincerely engaged. But there must be to every observer, more or less of the mind reflected in every natural gesture of the man. The posture is more or less an index of the soul in worship, an unconscious portrayal of what the man is, and thinks, and believes. Judge Wilmot, I am told, usually knelt at prayer with his body perfectly erect. It will be remembered that the Judge was a man of very opposite temperament from Mr. Morrow. Naturally military in his bearing, he had lofty conceptions of the dignity of worship; and loved, above all things, to exalt the honour conferred upon mankind by "the redemption which is by Christ Jesus." Cer-

tainly this age needs such examples. There is a listlessness manifested by the ordinary postures of our prayer-meeting worshippers, not calculated to impress strangers from other countries too favorably.

No one understood better than Mr. Morrow, the obligations of church members to sustain the week night and other means of grace. Johnson, in his Life of Milton, expresses a sentiment which he would have adopted in full:—"Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example." In one of Mr. Morrow's Bibles a passage is emphasized, which gives Dr. Johnson's idea. Paul wrote to the Hebrews—"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; and let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another; and so much the more as ye see the day approaching." It was the conception, then, of the Apostle to the Gentiles, rather than of the great English sage; expressed, too, in language less sonorous and antithetic, but more concise and positive. In the Bible from which I quote, "the day" is specially underlined, a peculiarity by which the student indicates all through his markings of the sacred oracles, how profoundly was impressed on his own mind that *eternity* is the end we are to have in view.

Of the prayers which we heard from Mr. Morrow at these services, it would be difficult to convey a correct impression. They were a breathing after God, more than anything else. It seemed never to enter his mind that there was any Atheism, or Unitarianism, or Rationalism on the earth. God, and Christ, and the Bible were to him abiding and comforting facts. The sacred Word especially was magnified. Nine of every ten sentences, sometimes, would be texts of Scripture, so emphasized that one heard for instruction as well as profit. He was heart and soul in his own petitions, while to the prayers of others he gave audible assent. To have Mr. Morrow and Mr. Morton both at a prayer-meeting was a great treat. No meeting could well flag in that case. Ready at exhortation, quick to turn a passing thought to the best advantage, rich in melody, they were heard with respect and gladness, whether they prayed, or sang, or spoke. About both there was a spontaneity, too, which was often followed by the happiest results. Once, when a short report was given of services attended elsewhere by a speaker, at which great good seemed to be accomplished, Mr. Morton rose to his feet, began the Doxology, and soon carried the assembly away with him in adoring gratitude. Mr. Morrow would be seen reaching for a Bible, when we all knew what to expect. The blessed volume became an endless repertory of suggestion and consolation to him and us.

Every office of responsibility, leader, local-preacher, trustee, recording-steward, he filled for many years.

The latter position—that corresponding with lay-president, is the chief position in a Methodist official meeting; and to this he was appointed on three different occasions, with intervals between. The laymen of Halifax District elected him to the General Conference of 1878. He was a chosen representative of the Nova Scotia Conference to the General Board of Missions, having jurisdiction over all the Missions, Domestic and Foreign, under the control of the Methodism of Canada.

There are letters from the General Conference to private friends, in which are manifested the conscientious care with which he prepared himself to meet the responsibilities of his appointment. It would have been excusable had he simply *observed;* this being his first opportunity to look in upon a body of representatives from a territory stretching from Labrador to Vancouver's Island; and he did observe. That so much eloquence daily ran to waste; that speculation spread its wings and soared so widely, while practical truth was lowly and seldom seen, gave an amusing turn to his thoughts, and enabled him to conjecture that human gatherings are much alike the world over. His heart warmed when Zion's advancement was in any way indicated. Missionaries who had journeyed from extreme points of the North-West for three months to reach the Conference, were a wonder and a delight to his eyes. But he did more than observe. His name stood on committees of great importance, for which he must qualify himself. He read up on each subject;

wrote to experienced men and women on a theme then vexing the Assembly—the Class-Meeting as a test of Membership; and went into the Committees thoroughly instructed and decided. Having a seat beside him, I could see that, upon his little table, provided for special convenience, there was always correspondence in progress. There were lines of communication kept open with home, business men, and even foreign Companies. This is now more apparent from letters which left his hand during those days. One allusion there is, among others, in the correspondence, which will elicit a sigh from my readers. September 5th, he writes: "I went to Great St. James St. to-night to hear Mr. Coley, author of 'Thomas Collins.' He gave the introductory address to the Communion—very sweet, loving, tender and simple." Then immediately following, "At the close I had to leave at once, the air was so close that I felt compelled to get away. The 'choky' feeling only left me when I reached the open air." That "choky" feeling, it is now known, was a warning from the centre of his vital energies, that the end was approaching. But who could foresee that Mr. Coley and his admiring hearer were so soon to pass away from earth to the "Marriage Supper of the Lamb," within a few weeks of each other, and by the same subtle disease?

As the moral of this chapter there are two or three thoughts which ought not to be concealed. This one life is a pledge of what many might be. In the church —all the churches—there is an immense force lying dor-

mant. If every member of the body of Christ were as early consecrated, as diligent in good words and works, as instant in season and out of season, what a transformation would ensue! It is painful to reflect that the majority of even Christian lives are of the merely negative type. They avoid harm, but accomplish no great good. The recesses of human woe and darkness are not illumined by the light of their influence or example. In the church they may fill up the measure of their privilege—are seldom absent, perhaps perfectly quiescent; outside of the Church they have no sphere, except to watch the currents of the world's affairs, and take the advantage of its commercial ebb and flow. The city set on a hill is obscured by clouds of indifference; the light is not in the candlestick but under the bushel. With a Master who leads the way, and disciples who show what long journeys may be performed, even by life's brief noon, surely more might be expected.

CHAPTER VI.

BUSINESS.

To the diligent, labour bringeth blessing ;
The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is a pleasure ;
And time spent in doing hath a comfort that is not for the idle ;
The hardship is transmuted into joy, by the dear alchemy of mercy.
—*M. F. Tupper.*

AT the age of sixteen, James B. Morrow entered the office of S. Cunard & Co. The excessive work, in which he never spared himself, seems to have occasioned, after five or six years' application, his retirement for a few months, during which a voyage to England averted what physicians had reason to apprehend—prostration by brain fever. That had been a period of intense application. Mr. Joseph S. Belcher, his associate in the same employ, has favoured us with an insight of what was a methodical, ceaselessly-active establishment. Like all others, however, who have taken pen to illustrate the business of the office he has very naturally diverged, more speedily

than might have been desired, to memories of young Morrow, as he appeared to an ardent friend and admirer. To those glimpses of office-life with which we have been favoured by extracts from his own letters, we must add the observations of Mr. Belcher: —That "he was always the same, obliging and thoughtful; a christian who carried his christianity into daily life, influencing his companions by example and personal persuasion of righteousness; tender to comfort in sorrow, faithful to expostulate in danger; a Bible-reading, Bible-expounding youth, not for controversy, but for edification;" a man whose uniform consistency has so impressed his cotemporaries, that they can think or write of nothing else in comparison. Mr. Belcher affords, as a last, best evidence of his friend's devotion, the conclusive testimony—"For I always regarded him as the means of bringing me to the Saviour."

On his return from England, after the vacation in 1854, Mr. Morrow, fearing the night work at Cunard's, took an office for himself, resolving to begin business. Such a man, however, once fairly introduced into an establishment, could not well be dispensed with. Inducements were held out to return, and the shutters were closed upon the only windows through which he ever, as a distinct venture, looked out upon the business world. His form was thenceforth, for ten years, to be seen at his old desk, from which he arose only to take a higher position as a responsible member in the concern. In 1864 he accepted a partnership in the

firm of S. Cunard & Co. With the exception of whatever secular advantages it may have brought to him, we can see but little change this promotion could superinduce. He was the man of the place at all times. When the nominal head was absent, Mr. Morrow was nominal head, contriving, guiding and systematizing everything. "He was a man to lean upon," in commerce as well as religion. Long before the newspapers announced his accession to the partnership, he had been a partner in every sense of burden-bearing and self-sacrifice.

There is much misapprehension as to the precise standing and relation of the firm to which Mr. Morrow at this time became directly attached. It never was the Cunard Company, in the sense generally understood by that term. The Steamboat Line which has carried the name of Cunard all over the globe, was not at any time, in any way, the property of the house known as S. Cunard & Co.

Samuel Cunard (now known as Sir Samuel) was born in Halifax, and began business life as a clerk in a lumber yard in that city. After the war of 1812, he established an independent business, engaged in the West India trade, (which has left, one time and another, an immense accumulation of money in Halifax); became a general importer, ship-builder and lumber-merchant. With but limited education, he possessed great tact and shrewdness. Two brothers were associated with Samuel, who branched off in ventures of lumbering at Miramichi and toward the East Indies.

The immense warehouses on Water Street were erected to accommodate a great trade in teas and other commodities; and suitable wharves were erected on a large scale.

During a visit to England, Mr. Cunard's quick intuition detected a new order of things coming into existence. Steam was calling loudly for the privileges of a young monarch. It must needs have a double crown. Already it was revolutionizing commerce on the land; it must now rule on the ocean. Mr. Cunard formed a company, consisting of English and Scottish capitalists, with himself, to own and run a Line of Steamers from England to America. The history of that venture is before the world—one of the proudest chapters in the annals of the ocean. A route was selected from Liverpool to Halifax and Boston; a subsidy was secured for carrying the mails; the steamers continued their trips to the satisfaction of their employers and the admiration of the world. After a period of almost uninterrupted success, Halifax ceased to be a link in the connection of the Cunard boats. But the name remained, to a certain extent, with the present Halifax company.

This was a distinct company, originated for purposes altogether separate from those involved in the enterprize just described. It has had, beside the agency of the Cunard Steamers, a general mercantile trade, and a large coaling business in supplying steamers calling at Halifax for the purpose. There have also been several agencies held from time to time, notably that of the

General Mining Association, having much capital invested in Nova Scotia; "and much besides," adds my informant "which cannot be placed upon paper. At any rate, it was always a busy office."

Mr. William Cunard, head of the Halifax firm, removed to England in 1868, and from that date Mr. Morrow was sole manager until 1873, when Messrs. Francklyn and Peters were admitted to partnership. This gave some relief, by sharing the responsibility of office. Thenceforward the church, the family and the surrounding world, were to receive more of his time and thought; "though it was ever his habit to spend the greater part of the day at business, and sometimes, though seldom as compared with former periods, to continue writing business letters late into the night." It was foreign to his nature to be idle, however, so that relaxation to him merely meant change of employment; from the strain of correspondence, to the loved occupation of Biblical study—from directing a great business, to addressing an assembly of worshippers.

To understand the questions of wondering enquiry which came so often to the lips of his acquaintances, as to the work he accomplished as a christian, a citizen, and a philanthropist, it will be necessary to state, what was well known in his own immediate circle, that his responsibilities of office were numerous and exceedingly important. They may be thus enumerated:—

Responsibilities of the Firm:—Agents for the Allan Line of Steamers, calling at Halifax fortnightly in

summer, and weekly in winter; employing at intervals hundreds of men, apart from the regular staff of employees constantly on the premises.

Agents for the Cunard Steamers to Bermuda and the West Indies.

Agents for the General Mining Association of London, (already noticed).

Agents for the General Mining Association; and the Halifax Mining Company.

Agents for Lloyd's; and representatives for one or two foreign Insurance Associations.

In the Church, Mr. Morrow held, as will be remembered by readers, several offices of consequence.

He was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and

A member of the Executive Committee of the Book and Tract Society.

He was French Vice-Consul.

His name stood on the directorate of several Insurance Companies.

In the Appendix of this book will be found a touching counting-house declaration—a tribute to the memory of their sainted Master, such as only employees sensibly bereft of a friend, could have placed on paper. Here was the starting-point of Mr. Morrow's benevolence and love. Like the sun's warmth, it must first fill its own immediate sphere, before radiating to remoter portions of the universe. "No man," said Madame Cornuel, "is a hero to his valet." Montaigne has simplified the aphorism, by

saying: "Few men are admired by their servants." It is a prying, carping world at best; and he is favoured who well escapes without absolute contempt from his familiar companions; while to be praised, and so immeasurably, by those who look daily on one's life, falls to the lot of very few. It may safely be regarded as a genuine specimen of humanity which stands the close scrutiny of three hundred days in every year.

Can such a life be produced by the mere policy of ambition? No! Will good advice of itself originate such a character? Never! There must first be certain elements of nature; these, stimulated by counsel, and sustained by grace, can alone bring about an admirable manhood. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. Hence, to young men, I can only say, —To affect your associates as did James B. Morrow, you must seek James B. Morrow's Saviour.

And yet, much may be done, on the very lowest plane of ambition, by considering well the claims of our fellow-servants. They are human,—have nerves, and cloudy days, and, perhaps, bitter memories. Many a master and mistress who sighs for some better sphere of influence, might find it by beginning at home. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any one is justified in attempting a mission to the world whose strength has not first been well exerted round the desk and the fireside. We might hesitate just here—I to write the book, and you to read it—did we fall on the discovery that Mr. Morrow was the subject of public eulogies to which his office subordinates refused to subscribe.

Paul directed the churches to pray for deliverance from "unreasonable men." He classed them with the wicked. Peter exhorts servants "to be subject to their masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but to the froward"—the crooked, gnarly masters, who cause subordinates to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully." There is a petulance and waspishness which takes shelter behind the miserable apology of cares of office. A man who turns all domestic and social amenity into gall and bitterness, is excused on the ground of "so much to perplex one." It is a cowardly spirit, without any fair subterfuge of defence. If one life can be sweet amid perpetual responsibilities, why not a thousand?

Had this man set up a plea of business cares, it might have served a selfish purpose also in the direction of the Sabbath. Of course, he had a fair claim to the seventh day, who gave six to an excessive round of duty. And the world would have excused him in a measure, had he loitered at home, or strolled to take what is called "innocent recreation" in the fields and forest, which means, in too many instances, the companionship of a flask and a fishing-rod. But he seldom went beyond the sound "of the church-going bell." And he brought more joy with him from his fellowship with Christ and christians, than the majority of pleasure-seekers from their communion with Nature. Rest meant to him change of employment. There is more in that conclusion, to serve for the purposes of self-government, than many imagine. It is routine

that kills. The treadmill has been abolished, because it was found to do more than the law required of it; it was intended to hold the prisoner to hard labour, while it went further, and gradually destroyed his constitution.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOOK.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

Yes, 'tis a mine of precious jewelry
The Book of God; a well of streams divine!
But who would wish the riches of that mine
To make his own; his thirst to satisfy
From that pure well, must ear, eye, soul apply;
On precept, precept scan, and line on line;
Search, ponder, sift, compare, divide, combine,
For truths that oft beneath the surface lie.

—*Bp. Mant.*

AMONG the most precious relics left by Mr. Morrow are two Bibles. They are suggestive. They have a history.

I am aware that Biblicists abound in our day. But as there are both religion and religionism, so there are Biblical students and Biblical æsthetics. Where, or with whom the present system of Bible-marking originated, perhaps no one can testify. Like other methods of learning it has had, probably, a growth,

more than a creation. It does not need, however, that one shall possess any remarkable discrimination, to judge of the general effect produced by a monomania of this or any kind. There are treatises on Bible-marking, as there are text-books on chemistry and mathematics. One lays down a general rule to the effect that the student may go through the Bible, using the modern system, in twelve months, or two years at farthest. Rules are established for signs, references and comments. Here is a well-meaning teacher, doubtless; but we fear there are the elements of no little mischief in his book. The world has heard enough of the Bible-reading boast—of the scores of times those sixty-six books in the Old and New Testaments have been skimmed over by extraordinary individuals. The school alluded to would beget a class outstripping by far the other; for could they not add that, in a lifetime of say thirty reading years, they had ruled, scribbled and improved generally, thirty volumes of the Book of God! Mr. Morrow I have heard express serious censure on the flippancy with which the Bible is treated by some thoughtless persons, and the new form of worship—a sort of Bibliolatry—which has found too many devotees. It made him very cautious in revealing his own habits as a Bible student. The Bible to him was an awful book—

> "The Author, God himself;
> The subject, God and man; salvation, life
> And death—eternal life, eternal death—
> Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bound."

It pained him to see so many aping the evangelist—a class for whom, when genuine servants of Christ, he had a high regard. An Oxford or Bagster's Bible, well bound and costly, under the arm of a jaunty, ill-furnished, half-reverent peripatetic teacher or preacher, was a sight he could not endure. Was he ever permitted to see the inside of a book thus paraded?—its inane expletives, its linear defacements, the general evidences of a young man's diligence in the attempt to dispose of the Bible in twelve months? On the very threshold of this awakening—this Bible-reading revival for which we are so thankful—let us warn our generation against extravagancies that may degenerate into blasphemy.

There would seem to have been an hereditary cause for Mr. Morrow's fondness for the Bible. "His father before him," it is written for my guidance, "showed a wonderful acquaintance with the sacred Book, and seemed to know, from Genesis to Revelation, just where to turn for a passage." His object and method are defined in words as concise as any I could select. "He seemed determined to get at the root of the matter, and understand every word as far as possible. He would spend weeks at one verse." (Not much confidence in the twelve-months' system, my Masters!) Then follows a list of his books—aids in Biblical study—on which a word of comment may be appropriate.

For ascertaining the structure of the Book, he studied carefully works on Biblical genealogy, history, geography and chronology. On the language of the Bible he

spent much time. With Rufus Choate, he would have it read, "not only for its authoritative revelations and its commands and exactions, obligatory yesterday, to-day and forever, but for its English, for its literature, for its pathos, for its imagery, its words of consolation and wisdom, for its universal truth." He used the Englishman's Hebrew Bible and a Greek Concordance. There is good authority for believing that an excellent, if not the best way to study a language, is "to take a book and a dictionary, and proceed." It is certain that, though not a Hebrew or Greek scholar, Mr. Morrow attained to a critical appreciation of many words and sentences in the Bible, whose delicate shades of meaning can only be ascertained by an intelligent acquaintance with their force in the languages in which the Old and New Testaments were originally written. It is well known that the name of God, as expressed by the most venerated Hebrew appellation, passes through a great variety of meanings, according to its prefixes and affixes. I find these followed everywhere through the two Bibles, and distinctly traced, by way of epitome, at the beginning and close of several books, as the student went on. This is but one instance. Of commentaries he kept several at hand. The "Commentary Wholly Biblical," first brought to his notice in my own presence by John McDonald, Esq., of Toronto,—a work that must have helped both in the indulgence and strengthening of Mr. Morrow's tastes for comparing scripture with scripture. There is not an uninspired word in this

commentary. It is simply an arrangement of passages, given in full, which throws light upon, or adds force to a given text. He had also, besides Lange, the most comprehensive commentary, perhaps, the most valuable, in existence, Louth and Arnold's, Adam Clarke's, Benson's, Cooke's, Ryle's, with Watson's Exposition, and Wesley's Notes. A full Biblical Encyclopædia made up this excellent equipment.

A Bagster's Bible, fac-simile large edition, narrow margin, which Mr. Morrow used for many years, is, in several places, crowded with signs, which he himself readily understood, and annotations. On the fly-leaf are pasted the celebrated golden verses of Pythagoras :—

> Nor let soft slumber close your eyes
> Before you've recollected thrice
> The train of actions through the day.
> Where have my feet chose out the way?
> What have I learnt where'er I've been,
> From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
> What know I more that's worth the knowing?
> What have I done that's worth the doing?
> What have I sought that I should shun?
> What duty have I left undone?
> Or into what new follies run?
> These self-inquiries are the road
> That leads to virtue and to God.

Results of extensive study are manifest in this volume. It would be useless to hazard a conjecture as to the number of entries it contains from the reader's diligent pen; but they are certainly to the extent of thousands. He was not satisfied with glossaries by

other men, which can be obtained for a few cents anywhere in our time; he made dictionaries for himself. The blank leaves and margins are all occupied with names and their meanings, coincidences, parallel texts, references, which he had collated from time to time.

During the last few years of his life, the most important gleanings of the old Bible were transferred to one of a larger edition, with broad margins, and other facilities for retaining valuable records. It was lovingly begun, with exceeding care and neatness of rulings and penmanship. And here the student's work shows to some advantage. In the book of Genesis alone, there are 1,760 annotations and written references of different kinds. Many of the notes are quite original, as for instance on Gen. viii. 3, "The waters returned from off the earth continually." In the margin he has written, "Qy. the tides?" I can find no suggestion in the commentaries to which this query may be traced. If the result of his own reflections, it shows some ingenuity as well as scientific research. It is certain there were no tides during the flood; equally certain they resumed their motion some time afterward. Was this God's way of saying—the tides then began to ebb and flow? Again, in Gen. xlv. 24, Joseph's advice to his brethren departing from Egypt —"See that ye fall not out by the way,"—a marginal writing says, "Tremble not, whether from fear, grief or anger." The Commentators agree in giving the old explanation—"do not quarrel by the way." Michaelis, Gesenius, and others, make it an admonition

—"fear not." There is, however, a very minute foot-note of Prof. Taylor Lewis, in Lange's Commentary, which may have inclined Mr. Morrow to prefer the meaning of either or all the three passions combined. I cite the facts that readers may judge of the pains-taking habits by which these annotations were reached. Then, after the manner of some text-books, and Acts of Parliament, there are index-words in each margin, indicating the precise subjects, and where they terminate. This makes the book all the more ready for reference. By underlining words, and neatly connecting them with a stroke of the pen and ruler, the train of thought in a particular chapter is readily supplied. Express duties are particularly emphasized, showing that the Word was read for the reader's own direction, more than as a precious heir-loom, which it will long continue to be. I give two instances:—Numbers ix. 13, "But the man that is clean, and is not on a journey, and forbeareth to keep the passover, even the same soul shall be cut off from among his people." And Joshua i. 8, 9, "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and and night, that thou mayst observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." It is not difficult to conjecture, with such passages as these magnified before one's eyes

where he obtained his strength. There are treasures of admonition and inspiration in these two quotations alone.

These notes and references terminate in the Old Testament, at the Second book of Kings, and in the New, though the intervening space is not all supplied, at Rev. vi. It would have required the remainder of a long life, assiduously applied, to finish the Bible according to Mr. Morrow's method. The verse on which his last touch was made, is the ninth of the sixth chapter in Revelation: "And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held." Another step and he would have reached the white robes of the martyrs, which he has since been gazing upon with holy rapture and adoration!

I must add that a memorandum book, which has fallen accidentally into my hands, carried by Mr. Morrow during some lengthened journey, evidently, has entries of passages of Scripture to the number of two hundred and thirty, either written out in part, or in full, and many with pages of comments attached. The Bible was his companion and friend every day and everywhere. Yet if any one imagines that Mr. Morrow read only the Bible, I must undeceive him. Wherever modern research, by travel, science, excavation or scholarship, afforded new light, or confirmation of the Bible narrative, he saw it, and appropriated the information.

Two or three somewhat curious letters are in my possession, illustrating his habits of thought as respects the sacred volume. One, dated 27th of March, 1872, addressed to his son James, at Mount Allison College, Sackville, N.B., is a remarkable epistle, to proceed from a great commercial warehouse. Not that it is unnatural or unbusiness-like; but there is a transition from one to the other of subjects which are supposed to belong to altogether different regions of thought, and a rapid transformation of relationships, seldom, I imagine, equalled among the pursuits of Water Street:—One of the steamers was aground in the Chesapeake; her detention till Good Friday would break in upon the privilege of holiday to the clerks, for which some compensation must be made. Snow had fallen to such a depth that the railways were blocked; hence a threatened famine of beef, which must be ordered from Baltimore; though the old coach-road was once more resorted to for conveyance of bullocks from Cornwallis. Coal, too, had gone up fifty per cent.—and here follows a minute detail of business complications and disappointments in looking after this article of commerce. So far the business man. There had been a break on some great wheel in England, slowing down the machinery of speculation, which would have required his immediate departure for the Pacific; but a despatch might come at any moment, in which case a route is mapped out. The business man becomes a prospective traveller, feasting his imagination on Mormondom and the El Dorado,

California. "Our Bible-class is quite large now,"—so runs the letter—"the dining-room where we meet is quite full all round the sides—from 16 to 20. And my class on Wednesday is also very full, 16 last night and sometimes 20." From a continental tour to the beloved Class-room—a third change. What follows must be given verbatim:—

"I often laugh over your remark, that I am always studying Theology. My own feeling is that I don't get time to study at all. The Bible is a wonderful Book, and well repays study. Indeed, it is a mine. To get at its riches we must dig; but no gold or silver mine ever paid its owner anything like the return in value which the Bible gives to those who study it. You should have a Bible (a reference Bible) which you should make your particular companion. Begin at the beginning, and read it through consecutively. Always have a pencil at hand to mark, by pre-arranged sign, any passages that particularly strike you. After you have read a chapter, go back to your marked passages and study them well. The effect of such reading is to leave in the mind a promise, a precept, a warning, a rebuke, an example, or some other form of truth, to be a subject of reflection when the mind is otherwise occupied. Among passages that have thus caught my own mind are, "He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy,"—a gracious assurance of divine providence even in affliction. "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently,"—a warning to all to do God's work with the whole heart. "For all people will walk every one in the name of his God, and we will walk in the name of our God for ever and ever,"—showing that, whatever a man's profession may be, in *heart* he will walk according to his true character; if Satan be his master, or the world, or pleasure, the supreme object of his affections, he will follow them. But *we* should walk in the name of *our* God. And so I might multiply passages, from both Old and New Testaments, that ever abide with me, and are as gems that, even in the brightness of divine truth, shine out from the surrounding brilliancy—that as diamonds cut with many facets, flash light and glory at every turn. The advantage of

keeping to one Bible is, you become accustomed to its pages, and can turn immediately to familiar passages. Besides, it is better to mark one book than many."

From divinity he turns, before closing his letter, to matters personal, domestic and paternal. The wonted pressing advice as to piety, encouragement to proceed in his studies, and so to a prayer and a benediction.

If there be any better way to build up a household for honour and usefulness—for the world, the church, and eternity, who has ever heard of it? "That was the kind of Father he always was," writes another son, "so kind, thoughtful, and taking so much interest in all I did. I respected him, admired and loved him, with what intense, idolizing love, God only knows." Dear boy, would there were more such idols and idolatry in this poor world of ours!

My readers will indulge me in the perusal of one more letter. From Quebec, September 14th, 1867, where he had been attending the Y. M. C. A. Convention, he writes Mrs. Morrow in a mood which was a mingling of playful banter and sympathy—

"Yours is not the first brain that has been exercised and worried by studying the Prophecies. They are "a deep, where all our thoughts are drowned." One thing I have learned is, that for the study of such topics, immense patience is needed, and we must learn "to make haste slowly." We are naturally impatient to get at the results; are sometimes discouraged to find how the work of search opens out almost indefinitely, and how little progress we make even in *hours* of study. But we should anticipate this, at the beginning, and get a little every day, taking care not to overdo it, and not to be over anxious to get through, if it takes a long time. There is no hurry, for it is not at all likely we shall get below the surface by doing our best,

and eternity is all before us, where, with unclouded intellects, we shal see things as they are. So, do not let my dear one be perplexed. God never gave us His word to be a source of weariness and anxiety. It is full of mysteries so deep that the angels desire to look into them. But, it is said, "His word giveth life." Do not perplex yourself with profundities. Take the life of Jesus and the Psalmist's experiences for study. Wiser heads than yours or mine have attempted these subjects with little profit. You cannot take up a treatise these days (on Prophecy), but you find that others were wrong, and the writer alone knows whereof he treats."

One instinctively looks at the close of a letter like this for the signature of some Professor in Divinity, and is surprised to find the initials rather of a man supposed to be only deep in the mysteries of ocean steamboats.

A few months ago the following communication appeared in the *Presbyterian Witness*. It was a matter of wonder at the time as to who the author could be. No one thought of a business man; far less would they have suspected a very busy business man of perplexing himself and others concerning subjects dating back 3,000 years in human history. The contributor was James B. Morrow; this was the contribution. It was not surprising that clergymen hesitated to pronounce an opinion, or differed in their views, as to the question raised. There is not one of fifty in the sacred profession who gives the time and thought to purely Biblical subjects that were given by this man:—

THE TABERNACLE : THE LAVER : THE ALTAR.

Mr. Editor,—Reading recently in the Book of Exodus, my attention was drawn to an apparent discrepancy between what is written in "the Book" and a picture upon my study wall, purporting to be an illustration of the *Tabernacle*. In this picture the Laver is placed between the altar and the tabernacle, while, so far as I can understand the sacred record, the Laver was placed at the entrance of the court of the tabernacle, and the altar between the Laver and the tabernacle. Having exhausted the resources at my command, the result may be thus briefly stated. Five distinct illustrations all agree with my picture, as do most of the commentators; one of the latter agreed in the view I have been led to form. One ministerial friend, having looked into the matter, has no doubt that I am right; five other friends, lay and clerical, simply say I am wrong, but give no reasons for their conclusions. I mention this to show how debateable the ground is. The reasons for my conclusions are :

Exod 30 : 18. Thou shalt put it (the laver) between the tabernacle (okel) of the congregation and the altar.

Exod. 40 : 6. And thou set the altar . . . before the door of the tabernacle (mischar) of the tent (okel) of the congregation.

Exod. 40 : 30. And he set the laver between the tent (okel) of the congregation and the altar.

Exod. 40 : 29. And he put the altar of burnt-offering by the door of the tabernacle (mischar) of the tent (okel) of the congregation.

Levit. 1 : 5. . . . the altar that is by the door of the tabernacle (okel) of the congregation (note the tabernacle is now erected and everything in its place more particular direction is not now necessary.)

Take the order of mention. Exod. 37, ver. 1. The ark. 6. The mercy seat. 7. The cherubim. 10. The table. 16. Vessels. 17. Candlestick. 25. Incense altar. Chap. 38 : 1. The altar. 8. The laver.

Exod. 40 : 2, 17. Set up the tabernacle.
" 3, 20, 21. Put therein the ark.
" 4, 22, 23. Bring in the table.
" 4, 24, 25. Bring in the candlestick.
" 5, 26, 27. Set the altar for the incense.

Exod. 40 : 5, 28. Hang up the hanging.
" 6, 29. Set up the altar for burnt-offering.
" 7, 30. Set the laver.
" 8, 33. Set up the court.
" 9. Anoint the tabernacle.
" 10. Anoint the altar.
" 11. Anoint the laver.
" 12. Bring Aaron to the door of the tabernacle.

Is it reasonable—is it possible—that if the Laver was placed next to the tabernacle and between it and the altar, it would have been three times mentioned in the order we find it to be in Exod. 37, 38, and 40 ?

2 Chron. 4 : 10. And he set the sea on the right side of the east and over against the south.

2 Kings 16 : 14. And he brought also the brazen altar which was before the Lord from the *forepart of the house* from between the altar (ver. 11) and the house of the Lord and put it on the north side of the altar.

Matt. 23 : 35. . . . between the temple and the altar.—Refer to 2 Chron. 15 : 8.—Ezek. 8 : 16.—Joel 2 : 17.

Many comments suggest themselves, but your space is precious. Can any of your readers throw light on this subject, and if they find me wrong, tell me the where and the why ?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

This subject of the tabernacle was under his earnest consideration down to the latest moments of life. While his body was being borne homeward from Londonderry, letters were written in more than one ministerial study, intended to convey to him the results of much research upon the precise position of the Laver and the Altar. And what was the object of all this worry and investigation ? Was it a mere pedantic display of Biblical knowledge ?—the finical agitation of a mind narrowed down to Biblical technicalities ?

It will be seen in the arrangement which he presents from Exodus, that there must have been special design in the precise positions allotted to different objects in the tabernacle. God intended certainly that the order should *teach certain principles.* Hence, Mr. Morrow saw in the "picture on his study wall"—designed originally by a devout and ingenious shipmaster—that the divine intention was not properly represented. *Cleansing,* he maintains (with very sufficient reasons), was the first necessity of tabernacle service; and this as clearly symbolized the order of approach to God's service under the Christian Dispensation. Regeneration is absolutely necessary—it is the first condition in the economy of grace. There was a baptismal significance, too, in placing the Laver at the entrance of the tabernacle, though that was doubtless only a subordinate consideration in the diligent, sustained, and decisive research which this subject originated.

Side by side with Mr. Morrow's love for the Bible, we everywhere meet evidences of his craving for rest and seclusion. "Come apart into a desert place," said Christ to His disciples. He who was generally surrounded by crowds, moving about in the excitement of miracles and other wonders, felt the grating effect of noise and human friction. It is only now becoming clear to the medical profession, that the nervous system sometimes becomes diseased through the perpetual jar and discord of sounds. As much to excessive sound, as to the overstrain of the physical and mental powers, are to be traced many nervous diseases

It is silence, quite as much as ozone, which makes a seaside, or mountainous retreat, contribute to the restoration of business men. In commercial centres, the ear is seldom at rest.

> "The hum
> Of moving wheels, and multitudes astir,
> And all that in a city's murmur swells,"

breaks perpetually upon the most sensitive organs. The normal condition of things is silence, and amid silence the auditory nerves regain composure and health.

It is even offered as a strange explanation of the fact that some sounds are more injurious than others, that Nature has no voices which injure the brain; while all sounds into which human or animal will enters as a necessary element, are in the highest degree destructive of nervous life. The moaning of the winds, the rustling of leaves, the murmur of the river, the soughing of the waves, are to the brain as a mother's lullaby; while thought is distracted and disease engendered by the clatter of human enterprise.

"When Mr. Morrow could get an hour or two," so I read, "he retired to his quiet room and his Bible." The quiet room alone would have been a sanitary blessing; with the Bible it became a spiritual invigoration. Its atmosphere followed him everywhere; he breathed the air of Mount Hermon. That peculiar hesitancy in public address was simply a momentary

mental reflection—What does God say? His "flashes of silence," as Sydney Smith called such reticence, was, one could see, from a conscientious regard to the truth. "O how I love thy law! It is my meditation all the day," said David; an experience reflected in this modern instance.

There is a fascination in business, a charm, an intoxication even, which increases with the prosperity of these times. Nine of every ten groups in the streets are talking dollars and cents. Does it not become the Christian young men of the day to show this feverish age an example of self-control, of emancipation from the cruel bondage of the Ledger? Is there to be no mental Sabbath?—no higher inspiration than that which comes—

"To the dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?"

Isaac, heir and manager of great estates, a young man waiting for his young bride, made time to meditate in the fields at even. Has there ever been statesman, scholar, artist, poet, scientist, philosopher, to whom reputation and honor came independently of solitude? Has any nation ever advanced that gave itself up to idolatry? Is not the idolatry of stocks and bales and hogsheads as degrading as the worship of metal and wooden images? Moloch was not more cruel than is Mammon. His victims were the fairest of the youth, as are ours; the bane of that day was pagan priestcraft—of ours, refined, relentless competition.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Y. M. C. A.

So others shall
Take patience, labour to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

Yes; we do differ when we most agree;
For words are not the same to you and me.
And it may be our several spiritual needs,
Are best supplied by seeming different creeds.
And differing, we agree in one
Inseperable communion,
If the true life be in our hearts.

—*H. Coleridge.*

ASSOCIATIONS of individuals, for the accomplishment of some particular object, have been common in all ages and among all ranks and conditions of mankind. In scientific and literary circles, for the promotion of art, knowledge, morality; to provide modes of intercourse among persons of the same profession or trade and the cultivation of special

genial tastes. In the Christian religion there are forces which cannot be pent up; and one direction which they take is toward co-operation for the world's recovery from sin. Brotherhoods have been a distinguishing feature of Christianity from the beginning. More generally in established organizations, called churches; but at intervals in the form of societies, more or less numerous and influential. During the earlier ages of our religion, this became a marked feature of the new economy. As far as history can illuminate the so-called dark ages, there are fraternities springing into existence, now and again, which usually come, sooner or later, under the moulding power of the Papacy, and are employed by it as engines to work out its propogandist purposes. Modern ages have given birth to numberless associations, committees, fraternities, with a religious profession, but with a zeal and morality not always in harmony with each other. Some of these have crystallized, in time, into graceful and godly fellowship of believers, taking a name and place among the brotherhood of religious sects. Others have maintained an existence outside of the churches; yet, affiliated with one or all by sympathy or co-operation. Others still have shunned the light, or declined and died. Belonging to the second class is the Young Men's Christian Association. Like other similar organizations, it took its rise from a yearning for communion among kindred religious spirits, and a care for other's necessities. Unlike others, it confined its aims to a sex, to that portion of the male sex which has

principal strength, but has special temptations, and so needs extraordinary fidelity and protection. From a merely social, it became in time a sort of domestic, institution. It gave the word "brother" a meaning in practical ways, which had only been understood, previously, in theory. It became, in the best sense, "all things to all men." By meeting young men at the cross-roads of life, and leading them into "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace;" by exercising a tender, paternal care over them at home, and following them with warning, counsel and assistance abroad; by again meeting them among strangers, providing for them lodgings and situations, wooing them away from sinful to righteous companionship, bearing them up when they stumbled, ministering to them in sickness, disposing of them, as required, respectably and reverently in death—the Association became a great enterprize, having its ramifications in all Christian countries, and its influence supplied from all evangelical churches, without exception.

The Young Men's Christian Association bears on its front the mark of direct Providential origin. It is a question whether anything so purely unselfish ever sprang from mere human ambition. Its story is so well known that we need not here repeat it. Best and surest evidence of its adaptation to modern and religious wants, is the door it opens to such men as James B. Morrow. They make the Y. M. C. A. in a sense; in a sense, also, the Y. M. C. A. makes them. It fosters the talent of young men, that otherwise would be lost

to the world; it quickens into life much instrumental power which otherwise would remain dormant. And there is always a special influence granted by God to the honest, self-denying lay-labourer, which clergymen cannot command, covet it as they may. In minds not positively religious, there is often more or less prejudice against services which seem to have a stipendiary end or support. "He is paid for it," is a ready suggestion of the enemy. Indeed, one principal obstacle in the way of evangelical work, both at home and abroad, is this sinister suspicion of selfish aims. The forcible fact is forgotten that Christian men and women who devote themselves to a distinct religious calling, often make sacrifices in the worldly sense, by leaving fortune-seeking to others, and hence accept an agreement with the Church to labour for a bare support. The irreligious listener seldom stays to reason, however; his shield is ready for defence; he parries very powerful blows with very unsubstantial armour. Here is the chief advantage of a man who leaves behind him a thriving business, even for an hour, for the purpose of serving persons whom he had, perhaps, never seen before, and may never see again; whose claims upon him may be no stronger than those of a common human relation. Yes, there is a mission to-day for business young men. They wear no professional garments—draw no professional salaries. They are not chargeable with selfish motives, and are readily acquitted of discharging merely perfunctory duties.

There are objections, too, against the Y. M. C. A.

itself, both without and within the churches. There is much in it to provoke criticism from ungodly persons, inasmuch as it directly bears against their fondest sins and ambitions. More injurious, perhaps, is that form of opposition which comes from jealousy, or envy, or possibly lack of information, among the Christian bodies. "The Y. M. C. A. usurps prerogatives which belong only to the Church of Christ," we are told. "It affords an improper gratification to office-seekers." "It becomes an advertisement for inviting business." "It is even strained a little in the direction of politics." These are serious charges; have they any weight? Wolves there may be—always have been—in sheep's clothing. Our Lord went so far as to warn his disciples against ravening wolves—men who deceive, that they may devour, the flock. But these, as we all know, are exceptions. The deadly ergot grows side by side with the wheat—the poison with the sustenance of man—defying detection, assuming a false semblance, the more ruinous because seductive. What has been God's law from the beginning? "Let *both* grow *until the harvest.*" These objections would bear with equal strength against the Churches themselves.

To Mr. Morrow any lurking mischief in this great modern movement would soon have revealed itself. He was a keen observer of men and morals; and with him, to become convinced was to act. Had he discovered a fraud of any dimensions, he would have exposed it, or abandoned the cause which gave it shelter. That he remained in the Y. M. C. A. for many

years—that he gave to it much time and strength and money—is sufficient guarantee that it is a sound, scriptural, philanthropic agency. He sustained it ; it honoured and trusted him.

A thousand witnesses might be summoned to prove that the Association has been a great blessing in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. From personal knowledge, I could furnish at least a chapter on this head ; but while some of the principal persons who were interested in the circumstances are alive, and may probably read this book, it would be indelicate to write on the subject at length. Fathers and mothers, however, bear the record on their memories and hearts, of responses to their tearful, prayerful solicitude for their sons, through this institution. In some cases, all was not accomplished that was desired ; in others, far more resulted than any one had hoped. Cypresses have been planted over some graves, that otherwise would have remained unadorned and unnoticed. Situations of honour and trust are filled by young men whose career might have led them to ruin, but for the Association. Before introducing the testimony of others, let one or two incidents be accepted from the author's memory.

A young man appeared in the *Wesleyan* office on a stormy morning in mid-winter, scantily clad, but with an honest expression of countenance, which gave weight to his story. He professed to be a printer, and claimed that he knew something of the literary as well as mechanical work necessary to the production of a

newspaper. Of course, we set the usual machinery in motion for his relief—corresponded with relatives, introduced him to employers, recommended him to the intelligent and active secretary of the Association. Contrary to the usual result in such cases, we found the promising youth coming back on our hands. At a loss to understand the cause, when all seemed fair enough on the surface, the writer did what he was encouraged to do at other times—walked away for counsel to a commercial establishment! It was ten in the morning, the time when business, at rest for sixteen hours, was hungry to be fed. Porters were hurrying with burdens, truckmen were halting for orders, possibly ships were awaiting the signal to proceed to sea, as we entered. Through a file of busy clerks, we found our way to the counting-house. At least a half-score of letters were on the manager's desk, waiting to be opened and answered. A great commercial engine was in full blast, quietly but confidently coining the money to support a hundred families, and to accumulate, besides, a fortune or two for business heirs. The belts of this machine stretched to the European shores on the one side, to the seaboard, Central, and Pacific States of America on the other. Strangely out of place did we feel at that moment, with our enquiry as to what should be the fate of a single leaf which had fallen in the myriad-peopled forest of humanity. But a moment's notice revealed something even more interesting. The eyes which we looked into for advice were full of tears. The first

letter opened on the desk of that business manager was a woman's petition, or at least a wailing cry on paper, for a young husband's wanderings and follies. Some hapless wife, who had no other claim upon him than that he was an officer of the Association, pours her sorrows into his heart, and begs for his sympathy and protection to her wayward husband. An answer was half written already, but it had been interrupted, we may verily believe, by prayer from that desk, even at that early hour.

Oh, ye adamantine merchants, ye shrivelled mummies of the counting-house, ye "incarnations of fat dividends" at the bank, look upon this man! Here is a fountain springing up in the arid, parched sands of the commercial desert! You who have not wept since the day that Sympathy walked out and left a shred of black crape hanging on the doors of your hearts; you who have buried your own living wives and children under heaps of bonds and mortgages—come and see in your neighbour what you have lost in your pursuit of gain. If Christ had been at the head of a commercial house in Halifax, instead of at a carpenter's bench in Bethlehem, this is much the attitude and the occupation in which we would expect to find Him.

What became of either the young man or the young husband, it is impossible now to say, nor does it concern so much our narrative. It is sufficient that a bond of brotherhood has been proved. From rural districts to populous centres, the tide of social move-

ment is always so strong that multitudes of young men annually reach such places at Halifax. From the maelstrom of depravity what is to save them? The Churches? True, they are there; but do young men generally incline toward places of worship from choice? Do the Churches usually sustain a vigilant outlook for strangers? Do the pastors of country and city Churches keep well open the channels of communication, by which intelligence is sure to be transmitted in advance of a young man's arrival at his destination? The Young Men's Christian Association has done more to organize means of shelter, guardianship, and advancement for young men, than any of the Churches, perhaps than all combined. And in doing this, it may as safely be asserted that the Churches have done it through them. The ornaments of the Association are the jewels of the Churches. The man whose soul yearns toward the wanderers of any Church is sure to feel kindly toward his own. Herein is love —it is both concrete and abstract—filling a home and a church, and overflowing for the world.

A few years ago a clergyman sought advice of two or three friends of the Association, respecting a brother who had been reported as fallen into iniquity at a distant place. There were evidences merely that the young man had been traced to evil haunts, in an American city, whither he had been decoyed by bad companions. The President of the Y.M.C.A. at the place alluded to, was informed by telegraph of the bald facts. In a few hours came back the reply—"He

is found, and will be sent home." Next steamer brought him to the wharf in Halifax.

During my visit to the same city a few weeks previous to this writing, a gentleman, almost distracted by his fears, set on foot the same agency for ascertaining the whereabouts of his son. The nearest guess that could be made of his locality was Denver, Colorado. A letter was despatched to the President of the Y.M.C.A. in Denver. Within a few days arrived a telegram—"He is here in hospital; will write."

These are facts that may easily be verified by the reader. And they are but occurrences of which, perhaps, every week might furnish the counterpart. Surely, here is a merciful and a mighty agency! Alfred Tennyson, in his superb prophetic dream of the Millenium, alludes to the "federation of the world" as an ultimate possibility. Napoleon, while ruminating in St. Helena, discovered that the federation already existed. The empires of Alexander and Charlemagne, the crude elements of an ideal, universal empire, for which he had himself spent millions of treasure and shed seas of blood, had all vanished; the empire of Christ, established eighteen hundred years ago, is still in existence, and daily spreading itself over the world. Its law is love; its aim is human good; its ambition, to subordinate all hearts to the world's Redeemer.

Making too much of the young men subject? There are secret depths to be explored before that question can be answered. Who can forget the reve-

lations of Comstock? Before one Convention of the Y.M.C.A., he displayed to startled beholders some of the papers and prints which were being disseminated by certain concealed publishers and mailed broadcast to young men. Persons of strong brain and nerve declare to this day their wish that they had never seen those devices of unclean spirits! John Angell James asserted toward the close of his useful life, that a book which he read when but a boy was so subtle in its indestructible iniquity that he would have given worlds not to have seen it. Coleridge has written a powerful essay to prove that nothing is ever forgotten. Oliver Wendell Holmes goes so far as to say that nothing that ever happens fails to photograph itself in every conceivable aspect and in all its dimensions: That as, in removing a book-case, you find its image exactly outlined on the wall, and the form of, say, a map, which hung there before the book-case was built, as faithfully stamped upon the same spot, so, evil things with which we may become familiar, may be reproduced long after they are forgotten and forced upon the memory, "when this lower universe is pulled away from before the wall of infinity." Who, then, shall assert that a class of so much importance—one-fifth of our population, and the hope of the future—our young men—do not require all the care that is bestowed upon them, the protection afforded them, from these moral pests of the day?

The first Convention of the Y.M.C.A. held in the Maritime Provinces, was at Halifax, in October, 1867.

The Association, first organized in London, had been followed by one, on the same model, in Montreal in 1851. A kindred Association was organized in Boston twenty days later than that at Montreal. During the following year, 1852, ten similar societies were formed throughout the cities of the United States. In 1866-7 there were 215 Associations reported on this Continent. In 1867-8 that number was more than doubled. At present there are not less than 1,000 Associations on this side of the Atlantic, with a membership of 100,000, having an annual expenditure of $376,000, and owning property to the value of $1,924,770.

Throughout the report of the Halifax Convention, in 1867, there is manifest a very decided enthusiasm in three or four different directions. The meetings "were pervaded by love, joy and harmony, and evidence of the presence and power of God's Holy Spirit." The discussions turned mainly on young men—how they might be reached, rescued, saved! Young men were there whose experience, fresh from Conventions elsewhere, gave hearers the conviction that a powerful agency had appeared in the land. Without removing old landmarks, it became evident that the Association was more clearly tracing the lines of distinction between nominal and vital godliness, without regard to denominational or social barriers. The word *earnest* was brought into fashion many years ago, by a man who could only find terms sufficiently intense to express his own burning thoughts, by coining them—Thomas Carlyle. We find the word adopted in this

Convention, because none other could so fittingly express the spirit of the new organization. It was a reflection of St. Paul's meaning in one of his yearning moods for souls,—"My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved."

A society of this kind was sure to awaken Mr. Morrow's warmest sympathies. We have seen him surrounded by young men as a teacher; he was now to increase his audiences of young men, and widen his influence an hundred fold. A clearly Providential preparation for work in this direction had preceded this grand opening. He was then himself a young man; down to the last such Convention that he attended, though verging on fifty, he had not reached the period when the impassable gulf separates youth from old age. He was always a young man in his own estimation; the young men of his acquaintance thought of him as one of themselves. Much of that subtle power, the magnetism of Christian friendship, which he possessed in so eminent a degree, was brought to maturity by his intercourse with young men. He never saw the day so sacred to business that a young man's cry for assistance could not bring him instantly from his desk, smooth away the wrinkles of care from his forehead, and replace them with a look of sympathy and cheer. Charles Sprague has nailed above the door of every selfish, bloated creature of the counting-house, his sarcastic designation—"An incarnation of fat dividends." God's sunshine comes sweetly into some desolate rooms, where all manner of

noisome insects hasten to feed upon it and turn it into loathsome dust and darkness; so does God give prosperity to men whose selfishness converts it into a curse. If riches are only to be obtained by driving out the angel and admitting the demon, better that society should relapse into its primitive occupation of herding or root-gathering.

> "What boots it at one gate to make defence
> And at another to let in the foe?"

On a resolution relating to tract distribution, the Report contains a notice to which Christian philanthropists of Halifax attach importance. It is said to have opened a new era in the circulation of religious literature. During the latter years of his life, Mr. Morrow very ardently espoused the interest of tract and book circulation, on a cheap and benevolent scale. It will be seen by this speech that there were valid, personal reasons for his action. Says the Report:—

"Mr. J. B. Morrow of Halifax, said he had a few practical remarks to make upon the subject: At a very early age he was led to give his heart to Christ, and for some time walked in the light of God's countenance. As he advanced in years, the time came for him to enter upon the more active duties of life; before long he fell into temptation, wandered from Christ, and forsook the ordinances of God's house. At this crisis in his history a young man now in the Convention very kindly put into his hand a tract entitled 'He Never took Stock.' Nothing could have been more appropriate to his circumstances, and by the blessing of God upon the perusal of that tract he was led to consider his ways and return to Christ. It afforded him very great pleasure to have put into his hands at the great Exposition, in Paris, two tracts, and also to have seen on different occasions in London, young

men engaged in the work of disseminating religious truth, and he hoped that, as one result of this Convention, some might be moved to engage in this department of the work of God."

For the last ten or twelve years, two names have stood at the head of the Y.M.C.A. in Nova Scotia—John S. McLean and James B. Morrow. There was very little, and yet very much, that was similar in their dispositions. Our Lord linked his disciples, two and two; not always, not ever, indeed, with strict regard to harmony of temperament. John and Peter were as opposite in this respect as the poles, yet they *worked* harmoniously, and to purpose. When James B. Morrow died, next to the beloved wife, now the bereaved widow, and her children, public sympathy turned to Mr. McLean. The number of condoling letters which reached him, was only exceeded by those to the sorrowing family. What joy and blessing these two men found together in common pursuits for the world's good, no one can ever understand. It is locked in the mind of one upon whose living confidence none will intrude, and has gone with the spirit of the other, to be reproduced some day in a friendship that shall be abiding. I could not omit this paragraph without injustice to my subject, seeing what I have seen, and reading what I have read.

Among the most potent forces which came into existence with the Y.M.C.A., were the now familiar hymns and melodies. So far back as memory serves our provincialists, there were fugitive strains of religious song floating about in the settlements, distinct

altogether from the common order of poetry and music used in church worship. Fifteen years ago, evangelists brought to our towns an occasional song, usually with some touching refrain, which struck the popular ear and heart directly. One of these I remember as far back as 1860. During a Sacramental Service in Charlottetown, P.E.I., a stranger sang a few verses, having as their subject Christ in the Garden, and ending with an exceedingly plaintive chorus. In less than a week the air was full of the new music. In parlours, kitchens, workshops, and counting-houses, it took possession. Masons sang it to their movements when laying a foundation; painters whistled it at the height of church-steeples. By-and-by other songs followed. Prayer-meetings and Sunday-schools adopted them. Books of song multiplied. There were grave looks on many theological faces, lest a seeming, subtle heresy here and there might penetrate, like frost, to the buttresses of the church, and so overthrow its stately walls. But no really meritorious hymn that once took the hearts of the people, has ever been ruled out because of a questionable couplet. Who shall repair Cowper's imagery?

> "The bud may have a bitter taste
> But sweet will be the flower!"

Modern critics, who begin by shaking their heads at Cowper's outrage on all rules of literary propriety, usually end by swallowing both his bud and blossom. So in our melodies. An instance of this kind is fresh

in my own recollection. When Sarah F. Adams threw out on the air that winged herald of supplication and submission—"Nearer my God to Thee"—much exception was taken to the line, "E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me." It was Popish; it substituted suffering or some other alternative for Christ. A majority of distinguished Methodists clearly condemned it, in my hearing, on the grounds referred to. Yet readers of the New Methodist Hymn Book, just published within a few months, will find that sweet composition in its pages, and doubtless thank the compilers for the privilege.

> "Music, when soft voices die,
> Vibrates in the memory"—

wrote the gifted, misguided Shelley. This fact is the only reason I can offer for alluding to Mr. Morrow's fondness for sacred song, and his rare gift in recommending Christ his Master by the strains of a voice that was considered melodious. Some human harps come into the world ready to the touch—tempered and attuned. Mine lacks the strings. There is left to me only the comfort of anticipation,—"When He shall appear we shall be like Him." Christ sang on the Mount of Olives, and the day is coming when all the best human qualities that He possessed shall be given to His people. We shall all sing then. But crude as might be the musical knowledge of any hearer, there was in Mr. Morrow's voice a potent charm, when he sang, at his best, the melodies he loved so well.

With the exception of 1869, at which Convention I cannot find that he was present, he took an active part during each annual meeting of the Associations for Nova Scotia. Twice—in 1871 and 1877—he was elected to the Presidency of the Convention. The last public utterances of his life were given in the interest of the Association, and young men, in the city of Halifax.

At Maritime and International Conventions, his form and voice became familiar to the brethren, as representing a genuine, unswerving devotion to the common cause. His journeys to and from these enthusiastic gatherings, generally in company with Mr. McLean, were improved to the benefit of localities through which they passed. The picturesque Metapedia became a favourite resort for the two friends in this way. Some of the most satisfactory evidences of Mr. Morrow's personal success in winning souls are in that locality. Where others exhausted their strength in sporting—not to be despised in its way—or indulged only in the luxury of observing a superb landscape, which has been but recently added to Canadian wonders, he was awakening new aspirations in souls immortal and blood-bought.

It may have been on one of these excursions that an incident occurred which I find thus narrated by a brother minister: (The circumstance of the gift mentioned was not known, even to Mr. McLean; as there are scores of similar acts of benevolence brought out by correspondence, which, but for the preparation of

this memoir, would never have met the eye of a third party).

Early in the evening of a somewhat wet and unpleasant day in the summer of 1877, I was crossing the yard to attend my horse, when, hearing my name called out and looking round, I saw two gentlemen leaning over the gate on the main road. Bro. Morrow was the speaker, and his companion, Mr. J. S. McLean, of Halifax. Though surprised beyond measure to see such visitors come thus unexpectedly upon us (for in our little village it was almost impossible for a stranger to pass through unobserved), I gladly had them come into the parsonage to spend, as I thought, the entire evening with us. The few minutes spent in our parlour were of the most agreeable kind ; the spirit and geniality of the conversation were inspiring to both my wife and myself in a high degree. We felt we had the presence of two Christian gentlemen ; not the ordinary average church-member, but those to whom it was alike their business and joy to think, and speak, and work for the Master wherever they went If I remember correctly, Mr. Morrow was not long under my roof when he inquired if we could not have a meeting somewhere. It was not regular meeting night ; the time in which to announce for any gathering was very limited ; but we resolved to do our best, and after sundown, perhaps upwards of a score were gathered together in our little church. For the very best of reasons, I gladly devolved the conduct of the service upon our two esteemed visitors ; and what a blessed time ! The exercises were of the simplest and most impromptu type ; but they were signalized by rich and holy influences, the memory of which will remain with some of us as a green and hallowed spot in our life history.

I very well recollect, also, that Mr. Morrow privately conversed with me regarding the financial condition of the circuit, and learning that we were endeavouring to pay off a debt on the recently-acquired parsonage, without any solicitation, or even the thought of such a thing entering my mind, he immediately and quietly handed me a sum of money toward the object.

He and his companion in travel took their leave by coach next morning, only, as I afterwards learned, to scatter their blessings and counsels in other retired spots in the Province, and uphold the banner of their Lord.

CHAPTER IX.

OUTSIDE WORK.

Offer thy life on the altar,
In the high purpose be strong ;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten the labour with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailings be o'er ;
For there, in the rest that remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.

—*W. Morley Punshon.*

THERE is no mathematical scale by which to measure the labours which a philanthropist gives to the world. Motives can only be estimated by Him "that seeth in secret." Happy are we in possessing a religion whose first doctrine is that of an Omniscient, Omnipresent God, holding "a book of remembrance." He notes

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness, and of love."

But I find a record in Mr. Morrow's Bible which the reader may thank me for reproducing. It is a methodical entry, on one of the fly leaves, of his preaching services from February, 1879, to August 15th, 1880. The period, it will be seen, covers seventy-eight Sabbaths. The record contains the texts of eighty-six discourses, or an average of more than one sermon for every Sunday. With the exception of two instances, the texts are not repeated. He evidently spares not himself, as so many preachers can do to excellent advantage, by turning over the same subject to different congregations. To show the extent of his ministrations in this way during later years, I note that nearly one-third of these discourses were delivered outside of Halifax, in towns and villages throughout Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces. On referring to the texts it is equally clear that, while his style was generally expository, his teachings must have covered most of the principal doctrines in our holy religion. Next to that abstracting power which I have already alluded to, as enabling him to proceed directly from the complications of the counting-house to the abstrusities of Biblical prophecy, I have marvelled at his habits of sermonic preparation. Pope describes a versatile man, in the moods which range

> "From grave to gay, from lively to severe;"

while as to the mind's mysterious processes of assimilating and appropriating knowledge, we have such testimonies as that of Walter Scott:—"I do not observe

methods particularly in my reading just now; I just pour in the information as it comes. The mind does the necessary assorting—putting away each item on its own particular shelf—and all that I have to do is, to reach out, when the time comes, and take the article that suits me." Both in mood and matter this facility of change is seen in Mr. Morrow's letters, as it was frequently noticed in his conversation. One letter to an intimate ministerial friend will illustrate what I mean. It is a recital of varied experiences through which he had passed—

> "Bits of gladness and of sorrow
> Strangely crossed and interlaid,"—

with allusions to business as it pressed heavily on his mind at the moment, and ending with "a passage" which had been much present with him of late, showing how he intended to treat it—really a fine sermonic skeleton, only needing flesh and blood and breath to make it comely and welcome to an audience.

There were two places in Halifax to which Mr. Morrow gave any preference he was permitted to show, in Sabbath services. One of these was the Poor's Asylum. Of the eighty-six services alluded to, thirty-two were held in this refuge,

> "Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
> And lonely Want retired to die."

With what justice or injustice the poor laws are administered in this particular city, I am unable to say;

but it is clearly understood that, as a Province, we have here the most urgent demand for philanthropic agency. In the annals of Christian civilization there are no more painful disclosures than those which recent public events in this Province have revealed as respects the management of the poor. We need some powerful ballad-sarcasm such as awakened pity for the pauper in England, when Hood's Song of the Shirt, and Bridge of Sighs were published; some Dickens, to flagelate the system that offers a premium to selfish men for reducing the comforts of helpless objects of misfortune.

Mr. Morrow was punctual in his visitation. Weary as he often was, and wasting, as we now see, under a vital malady, he would find his way through storm and sunshine across the common to those subjects of his sympathy. His preparation for this service was always methodical, with a view of simplifying doctrinal truth. And he carried more than his Bible thither. His large winter coat had ample pockets for the poor. It is said to have been a pretty sight when the prosperous merchant took a seat beside some ignorant and complaining old man or woman, talking or singing them into a better faith and temper. They lost much sunshine when he died, those

"Homeless, near a thousand homes."

Another favourite place of service was the coloured people's place of worship. There were two of these in the city, in whose pulpits he often preached. His heart warmed with their enthusiasm in song. Their

simplicity in receiving the Word gave him much satisfaction. Once I accompanied him to the Zion Episcopal Church—adherents of the British Methodist Episcopal body, found chiefly in Ontario. In fact my own feelings were enlisted in the same work from that evening. I think I owe to that visit one of the most interesting occasions of my life. In company with the delegates from our General Conference to that of the M. E. Church, in Baltimore, I attended service in the old Bethel, the spiritual birth-place, if I mistake not, of some Halifax coloured people, and the first religious home of their Bishop, Mr. Dizney. In a commodious place of worship there were present 800 or 1,000 persons, all coloured, except ourselves. The singing was led by a large organ and a choir of perhaps thirty voices. We declined to preach; giving us an opportunity of hearing a genuine plantation sermon. A Sacramental Service followed, in which we gladly took part. For an hour and a-half the congregation joined in plantation singing, prompted by an old man who walked in front of the altar, with great animation. There was no break between verses or melodies; but by a peculiar linking on of spare notes from the chorister, the music proceeded, hands locked, bodies swaying, tears falling, on every hand. This while the emblems were being distributed to hundreds of communicants. Then came an exhortation, during which an extraordinary scene ensued. The Pastor had announced that the strangers were from Canada. This awakened great interest. Baltimore, my reader will

know, was in the heart of Maryland, an old slave state. The stumps of two or three whipping-posts were still in existence, not far from the Church. Canada had been the Canaan of the slave—his refuge, his first hope, next to Heaven. There were persons present who had heard much—perhaps themselves tasted—of Canadian hospitality, during the dark days before Lincoln's Proclamation. And the thought of Canadians being amongst them was an inspiration which soon had its effect. It must have been the memory of some such occasion which elicited the remarkable passage in Paul's epistle to the Galatians, "For I bear you record, that, if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me." The worship of *freedmen* has meant much to me ever since that day.

Among many tributes to the broad catholicity of Mr. Morrow, the following, by a minister of Halifax, is not the least discriminating and expressive :—

One bright Sabbath morning, as I walked up Pleasant street, Mr. Morrow met me going south. The familiar Bible was under his arm, the old thoughtful look on his face.

"What is your destination this morning, Mr. Morrow ?"

"I am going to St. Matthew's."

"To St. Matthew's ?"

"Yes; Mr. Grant is away, and he requested me to take charge of his Bible class."

The circumstance struck me as very characteristic of

both men. Mr. Grant (now Doctor, and Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario), was at that time a leading spirit in all the public life of Halifax. His church was a centre of great attraction. Young people, many of them from country districts, and at service or in shops, flocked to his galleries, his Sabbath school, and his domestic receptions, in great numbers. His Bible class was large and flourishing. There were Presbyterian Professors who might have been called in during his absence, and doubtless were so frequently. But Mr. Grant did not greatly trouble himself as to sectarian preferences when any important work was on hand. That he loved his Church, that his Church loved him, was too apparent to need proof. He was honoured with every privilege and promotion in the gift of his brethren; yet his presence and address produced, perhaps, more enthusiasm among other denominations than his own. This was chiefly owing to the man's benevolent and catholic nature. He had a warm appreciation of what was good in all the Churches, and did not indulge in any spirit of criticism over their defects. He had been known to give letters of church-standing to his members leaving the city, with the advice that they should join an Arminian brotherhood, rather than attempt a solitary religious life where no Presbyterian Church existed. Such men are doing much for Christianity; they are shaming its prejudices and rebuking its narrow bigotry. It is altogether a mistake that one's own denomination must suffer by the charity we cherish for others. In

fact, the results must be taken in the inverse order; a denomination that is hampered by illiberal sectaries cannot make make much progress in this day of large-hearted, religious union.

Mr. Morrow, again, was equally loyal to his own denomination. Its claims he always considered first; he would not leave a prayer or class-meeting at home to patronize the very best occasion among strangers. But in his heart, his prayers, his speeches, other Churches found a warm place. He could be faithful to Methodism, without suffering it to bind fetters upon him that might limit his influence and charity. He did not

> "To the fascination of a name
> Surrender judgment hoodwinked."

All the ins and outs of Methodist doctrine and economy he made himself acquainted with. This, indeed, was absolutely necessary in the official positions he was called to fill. He was a Methodist from intelligent conviction; and yet we find from cultured adherents of other denominations such testimonies as this:— "Mr. Morrow was a Methodist," says Rev. Robert Murray, editor of the *Presbyterian Witness*, "a very sincere and a very enlightened Methodist. We have often heard him speak in public, we have often met with him in private; but we have never heard him express any views with regard to the gospel of the grace of God, with which the most thorough-going Presbyterian could not fully agree." We have no

doubt that a similar testimony would be given by others of the different Churches; and it is a fine tribute to his motives in religious work. It is more than that—a positive argument for union. If a man can thus stand perpetually before an enlightened Christian public for thirty years, giving the results of his rich Biblical studies, and pouring out the burden of his soul for sinners, without creating a single prejudice in any hearer's mind, surely there is enough of broad, general, and important truth which the Churches may inherit as common property, and so be united and thankful!

And so it happened that Messrs. Grant and Morrow, a Calvinist and an Arminian, met on common ground, when the Lord's work required them. With a world sinking into ruins, they could bare their arms together, like twin giants, and help to lift it up. With a moral battle raging about them, they would have spurned any intermeddling, captious sectary with Tom Moore's indignant couplet—

> "Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
> In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?"

This may be the right place to insert a characteristic letter from Dr. Grant, bearing on our subject. It breathes somewhat the atmosphere of the Great North-West, such as a man meets travelling "from ocean to ocean." It also gives evidence that, however indebted he may be to Thomas Carlyle—we all remember the "stoor" *that* proud admission created in Mr. Grant's

earlier days—he does not accept the conclusion of the rare old philosopher, that "Biography is the most universally pleasant, universally profitable, of all reading."

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, Kingston Ont.,
2nd November, 1880.

I am glad to hear that a memoir of Mr. Morrow is to be published, though as a rule memoirs are not the most interesting reading. * * * I always felt that Morrow was a grand man, the right kind of man to have with you anywhere, or at any time; but I did not know him in private, or business, or political life; never travelled or camped with him; never quarrelled and made it up again; and therefore had not opportunities of seeing him in those circumstances in which a man is most apt to reveal himself. In religious meetings, usually only those features of character are seen in which all Christians are pretty much alike; and we learn nothing distinctive of the man from these. Briefly, however, I may say that from the beginning of my acquaintance, he impressed me as a man to be loved and rested on; one of the rare men we meet in this world of oddly-compounded people; a Christian gentleman, combining in himself strength and tenderness, Christian fervour and purity with the wise and broad tolerance that is the fruit of a sympathetic nature, and from having had experience of all sorts of men, and seen the good that there is in the worst and the bad that abounds in the best. It always did me good to look at him. I always read any remarks made by him, whether in religious meetings, or Chamber of Commerce, or elsewhere, that the papers got hold of. He was a witness for Christ; and such are the witnesses that the world needs in business circles, and in pulpits and prayer meetings, and the only witnesses that it will believe.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. M. GRANT.

While this letter was being penned in Ontario, another testimony was speeding hither from the opposite side of the globe, written by a former ministerial associate of Dr. Grant, and supplying an estimate of

Mr. Morrow's character, furnished by opportunities of companionship in travel, of which the doctor regrets he had been deprived. Rev. Fraser Campbell, Presbyterian Missionary, writes from Central India, 25th Nov., 1880:—

"My Dear Mrs. Morrow— * * * I feel that I must send you a few lines from this far-off land, to express something of the love I bore your dear husband. * * * One meets so very few like him, that his removal is the more distressing, and the more perplexing, too, in the sight of the church's and the world's great need. There were combined in him so many excellencies, which too often have their beauty marred by being found alone, or associated with faults so closely resembling them, as to suggest the doubt as to how far they are prints of the spirit, and how far natural traits. He was so earnest, yet so good-tempered; so fearless in confessing Christ by word and act, and yet so unostentatious and natural in his profession; so active in Christian work, and yet so attentive to his private business; so diligent in the world's affairs, and yet universally acknowledged to be so spotless in his integrity; so gentle, sweet, and yielding in what concerned only himself, and yet so decided and uncompromising in what he saw to be his duty.

You may, perhaps, remember that I once or twice had the pleasure of travelling along with him, and then I got to know him more intimately than in any other way. He was a delightful companion—now singing a hymn, with his musical and cultivated voice; now telling some incident in his experience, and again conversing on some spiritual or other theme. One pleasure in hearing him speak in public was from the feeling that his words carried such added force to those who knew his life; and it was such a comfort to find that one was able to hurl his name at any person scoffing at the inconsistencies of professing Christians, fearless of the least attempt to cast it back even with an insinuation.

Allow me to say, that great as is your loss and that of your children, it measures your matter for thankfulness." * * * *

One of his favourite texts was John iv. 14, "That water that I shall give him shall be in him," &c. He

had its elements of doctrine well defined, under three propositions. The gift offered by Jesus, its plentitude, its perpetuity. To show the circuit which this sermon made, I will insert here the places and dates of its delivery, as supplied by memoranda prefacing the text:—Barracks, May, 1869; Sydney, July, 1869; Zion Chapel, July, 1869; Dartmouth, August 29, 1869; Kay Street, October 7, 1869; Point Levi, October, 1877; Metapedia, 1877; Windsor, 1877. Whitfield himself, whose ministry swept a continent in its course, and who declared that a sermon only became thoroughly enjoyable to the preacher when he had delivered it a score of times, would not have been ashamed of the above entry. In later years, as he obtained more time for study, his thoughts as well as his services took a wider range seldom repeating themselves. Mr. McLean and he have held services in every town and village in Nova Scotia, excepting one or two counties; and the other provinces received not a little of his attention. Methodist preachers are proud of their itinerancy; but there is not one of every ten in our ranks who had covered as much ground in his ministry as did James B. Morrow. We shall find him preaching on the slopes of the Pacific, and whispering gospel consolation in the latitude of the Dardenelles.

Mr. Morrow's admirers will expect to find in these pages some preservation of his style in public address. Unfortunately the power of faithfully transmitting a sermon to posterity is among the lost arts, if indeed it ever had an existence. Words are easily written; ges-

tures are easily described. But who shall enter the regions of the spirit-world so as to detect and describe the subtle influences by which a mother's eye and voice bring solace to the distressed babe; or, more mysterious still, the processes by which the Holy Spirit takes merely human words and applies them to the divinest purposes? We have Chalmers' sermons, in some instances word for word; but have they lost anything? Read them, or let them be read; do they pierce and penetrate, do they call multitudes to their feet, or fill the heart with comfort or sorrow, as when he delivered them? Whitfield in print is a very different thing from Whitfield in the pulpit. Thus, though Mr. Morrow was neither a man of overwhelming pulpit power, nor an evangelist speeding over islands and continents with the Word of Life, he had his own measure of usefulness, and no man can define it. He was not eloquent, if we are to take the word in its popular signification. But he wielded an influence in public address which is not always given to even popular men. A very intimate friend declares that, while prevented from reaching Halifax to attend his funeral, his sympathies were quickened, instead of being subdued, by finding himself at a distance of a hundred miles or more from the scene of mourning. He met a sorrow for the dead even to him unexpected. The station-master of a remote village assured him that a young man had just been in, completely smitten by the telegrams respecting Mr. Morrow's sad decease. On enquiry it was found

that he had been reclaimed from a sinful life through an address which he had heard Mr. Morrow deliver on one of his flying visits to the country. Whether a "style" which produces such results be termed plain, or commonplace; glowing, or eloquent, matters little. It does good, and is abiding pulpit work. A biographer of Sir Astley Cooper describes a curious interview between that great surgeon and the surgeon *en chef* of the French empire. A certain wonderful feat of surgery was the topic of conversation.

"How often have you performed it?" asked the Frenchman.

"Thirteen times," replied Sir Astley.

"Ah, but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many times did you save his life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face.

"I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?"

"Ah, monsieur, I lose them all: *but de operation was very brilliant.*"

There is another than the surgical profession that operates for human life. In that too it is quite possible to measure success by the brilliancy of the operation rather than the number saved from death.

As the last address delivered by Mr. Morrow, however, and illustrating, in some measure, his method in using the Bible as its own expositor, I insert a brief report taken from the papers, whose ever-vigilant

enterprise sought to furnish the Halifax public with every possible endearing memento of a man they loved so well. My reader will not require any further assurance that the sketch is but an imperfect outline of that order of discourses which he delivered impromptu when necessity demanded them. The extract is from a newspaper of September 17th, 1880 :—

The last Y.M.C.A. Service attended by the late Mr. J. B. Morrow, was at Association Hall, yesterday week. The audience was a small but appreciative one. Mr. Morrow presided, and after giving out a hymn and offering prayer, read and explained in a most impressive manner, the one hundred and sixteenth Psalm : "A good many years ago," he said, "I remember there was a panoramic show in Halifax, and views on the Mississippi were seen. You could start from New Orleans and go to St. Louis, or from St. Louis to New Orleans. As the canvas rolled before us, the scenes on each side of the river were shown—the steamers passing and re-passing each other. I have thought that this chapter is David's life, like the river rolling before us, and here and there through it we see the stopping-places. He begins : "I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live." If we could read the original, we would find that it meant something more than simply, "I love the Lord." The idea is the same as in Psalm xlv. "My heart is inditing a good matter," or, as the margin has it, "Boileth, or bubbleth up."

HIS HEART WAS FULL OF GRATITUDE

to God, so that it seemed to run over. In the third verse, he tells us some of his past experiences : "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow." Who of us have not experienced this ? Trouble and sorrow takes hold upon us all. What did David do ? "Then I called upon the name of the Lord ;" and he gives us his prayer "Oh Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul." He does not tell us in what way the Lord answered him, but we know from the succeeding verses that he was answered, for he says, "Gracious is the Lord and merciful. The Lord preserveth

the simple ;" or the little ones. "I was brought low and He helped me." "Return unto thy rest, O my soul ;" rest thyself in God as a babe lies trustingly in its mother's arms. "For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." "I believed, therefore have I spoken, I was greatly afflicted. I said in my haste all men are liars." Then the Psalmist bursts forth again into thanksgiving. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits !" This may be taken in two ways.

TROUBLES MAY BE CALLED BENEFITS.

Affliction is for our good. David says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept Thy word ;" and we know "Whom the Lord loves he chastens." Many can thank God for affliction. I think I can say this in my own case. In fact I am sure that had it not been for trouble at a certain stage of my life it might have been very different with me now. I should not probably have been here. David thanked the Lord for his afflictions—they worked for his good. I remember some time ago I was in Sackville, and was talking to an infidel, or rather he was talking to me, for he did the principal part of the talking. He was speaking of the great Saxby storm and the amount of damage it did, and he could not see how it worked for good. But although it certainly did much harm, it carried away a great deal of debris and other matter, and did the land much good, so that the following year there was a wonderful crop. Therefore, it all worked for good. So with God's dealings ; and David could say, "What shall I render unto the Lord for *all* His benefits to me ?" And I wish you to notice that

IT IS A PERSONAL MATTER

"to me" not to somebody else. If Christ had died for everybody else in the world but me, then I might have no reason for thankfulness, or it would be a peculiar kind of thankfulness. But He did die for *me*, and "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His goodness to me ?" In connection with this Mr. M. read a Psalm and a verse in James :— "Every good and perfect gift cometh from above." Then what have we that we can give God since He has given us all we have. David says, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." The reference here is to a custom in the East. When families met together a cup of wine was handed round and drank by each in turn, in token of thanksgiving. We must render thanks to

God. We must give Him ourselves, saying, "Lord I give Thee myself."

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bids't me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Mr. Morrow's address was delivered with great earnestness, and produced a marked impression on the audience, not one of whom for moment entertained the idea that that was the last address he was to deliver in that building—the Association—to the building up of which he had devoted such a large portion of his time and thought.

CHAPTER X.

OVERWORK AND RECREATION.

I am sure, care is an enemy to life.—*Shakespeare.*

And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Longfellow.*

INCIDENTAL to the management of the Cunard establishment, at Halifax, were occasional demands for great exertion, and the severest strain upon human sympathy, through the misfortunes of the sea. Two incidents of this kind, which have become familiar and most affecting episodes in our provincial history, were closely interwoven with Mr. Morrow's life, inasmuch as they gave a sombre colouring to his subsequent years, helping as they did to lay the foundation of a deadly and subtle malady. By comparing dates, the reader will see the closest connection between those periods of mental and physical prostration which demanded that he should seek absolute rest and change of scene to avoid fatal conse-

quences, and the exciting circumstances of this kind which I will attempt to narrate. It will be noticed, too, that they both happened in the same month, April, and at junctures in his very complicated relations to business when he was ill prepared to meet the excessive demand they were sure to make on his very sensitive nature.

On a morning in April, 1866, rumours were floating about the streets of Halifax that cholera had made its appearance among the shipping in the harbour. It soon proved that one of the International Steamships —the *England*—from Liverpool, bound to New York, with twelve hundred passengers, had come to anchor outside of McNab's Island, reporting one hundred and sixty cases of cholera on board. It was impossible to prevent excitement and alarm in the city; every attempt at secrecy only helped to magnify the fears that were abroad. Mr. Morrow was early in the agitation. As Agent, in such cases, nothing could be decided without consulting him. He went down to the ship. A boat laden with dead bodies was at the stern, waiting for interment. Thirty patients were under treatment. Without attempting to board, he returned, and set about the sad task of fighting death at arm's length. The health officer of the port, Dr. John H. Slayter, met the dread responsibilites of the moment, and shut himself out in quarantine with the sick and dying. Mr. Morrow drove with him all that morning before entering on his secluded task, purchasing necessary articles, advising, and encouraging the doctor. "It

was a sad drive," he would say afterward, "for who could tell whether poor Slayter would ever return to us?" "God only knows whether I shall ever come back," the doctor had said to his companion. The presentiment was verified. Mr. Morrow frequently went toward the ship and conversed with the captain at a distance. On one of those gloomy days he saw Dr. Slayter. There was snow falling as the brave physician presented himself at the ship's side, his sleeves rolled up to the elbow. After giving directions as to things required, he said—"I must not stay; it is work, work, work!" In a few hours after this interview, he was seized with cholera and soon died. When all was over, and the devotion of sanitary and medical science had added a dearly-bought victory to its achievements, it was admitted that a most malignant type of disease had, for some time, been baffling the genius of doctors on board and the agents ashore. On the morning of the eleventh day—not till then—the dead bodies were removed from the ship's stern to a place of burial. Other doctors had volunteered meantime; heroes they were, all of them. But the tension on Mr. Morrow's nerves through all that dreadful period, had the effect of seriously disturbing a physical organization never very robust.

During the closing months of this year there are traces of the cholera disaster apparent in his correspondence. An occasional run to the country for a day or two brought no permanent benefit. Nature had been clearly beaten down to a point so low that, with

work forever pressing, only a change of scene for weeks or months would persuade its recovery. Hence originated his first genuine vacation since entering the second period at Cunard's.

A pocket memorandum-book, sufficiently attractive to give promise of brilliant entries, and with binding to retain them as an heirloom for ages, was opened with the following heading:

"Narrative of a Pleasure Tour, from Halifax, N. S, to Europe, in 1867, by J. B. Morrow, accompanied by his beloved wife, and their daughter Mary.

"Having been for thirteen years constantly employed in duties more or less onerous, meeting office demands a good deal by night as well as by day, and during this period having no relaxation beyond an occasional week's holiday in the summer season, my medical adviser suggested the propriety of my taking a trip to Europe. The kind Providence of God opening the way, by giving health to my family, and removing various other difficulties, I am now about to carry out this proposal. In commencing to note down the incidents of my travels, I first render devout thanks to Almighty God for His goodness and mercy to me and mine. I formally commend them and myself to His Divine protection and guidance, that He may have us all in His holy keeping, bless and preserve those we have left behind, and restore us to them in good time. And finally, as a family, may we all be joined together in Heaven, never to part again. Amen."

This was a promising commencement. The Diary, opened on July 18, 1867, proceeds to August 8th, and there abruptly terminates. What was manifestly intended for family reading during subsequent happy hours around the hearth at home, soon assumes a more philosophic tone, and finally enters into a somewhat minute digest of certain sermons to which the party

had listened, or a comparative estimate of the appearance and situation of provincial preachers who had returned to England. The book soon found a congenial aptitude. Its after pages are literally crowded with passages of scripture, many of them indexed for purposes that cannot now well be understood. Indeed this was no uncommon fate with his memo. books. He has left others evidently intended for records connected with his classes and other duties, which in time had to submit to the common fate of textual entries and comments. So sacred to him was the work of preaching the gospel that every spare moment was given to reading, and all that reading turned at length to one point of the intellectual and moral compass. He was—

> "No Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
> Distilled from some worm-cankered homily;
> But spurred at heart with fiercest energy
> To embattail and to wall about his cause
> With iron-worded proof, hating to hark
> The humming of the drowsy pulpit drone
> Half God's good Sabbath."

The only question admitting of doubt, which I meet among many opinions sent in by my correspondents, is as to his pulpit abilities. Most of his intellectual hearers, however, gave him credit for excellent talent; though few even of that class were aware of the extent to which diligent, conscientious, laborious preparation, had qualified him for his public addresses. It would have been altogether remarkable if such habits had

not produced special results. One discourse on "Judah's Captivity," occupying forty-four closely written pages of a large memorandum book, is itself sufficient to rank him with the foremost Biblical thinkers in the Provinces. It is throughout a masterly piece of research and reasoning.

On the 15th of August, he writes home that he has fallen on wonderful lore; at Bristol, Mr. Joseph Foy's collection of old Bibles, some of very rare editions, a few, the only copies in existence of the kind, had touched a dormant antiquarian passion.

Fortunately, there were other diligent hands in the company, to which we are indebted for a literary panorama of the journey. European travel has, now-a-days, no great marvels to divulge to American readers; the essence of all that was historically and artistically precious, however, seems to have come under the observation of these travellers. The Crystal Palace, Goldsmith's Hall, St. Paul's, Westminster, and kindred places in London; celebrated preachers and peculiar services, high and low, at St. Albans', and Spurgeon's Tabernacle, by contrast; then to Calais and Paris, where the usual varied experience of hotel life breaks the monotony of common-place affairs. At the latter city "the little Methodist Chapel" and "the Grand Exposition" are equally appreciated. In the former, "at the close of a good sermon, partook of the communion, and much enjoyed it;" at the latter, for three days, there were the usual bewildering and exciting

observations, to be treasured up in the storehouse of memory, as an unending family gratification.

This trip covered a period of two months, when the family were reunited in the old home, Mr. Morrow having taken, to all appearance, a new lease of life. It was soon to be more seriously interrupted. One other such shock was to undermine the tenement, and hasten its abrupt and lamentable fall.

Before recording the event by which his nervous energies were again taxed to a degree that predisposed him to a subtle form of internal disease, we must fill up a very interesting period.

In a letter already referred to, we have seen that a message was expected by him from England, ordering his departure for Nevada. This territory, now one of the United States, had attracted the attention of capitalists, on both Continents, as a silver-producing region. From 1859 to 1869 the value of its silver products was set down at $137,382,000. Mr. Morrow, as confidential agent, consented to proceed thither in the interests of certain shareholders in England. He left Halifax on the 4th of May, 1872, accompanied by Mr. William D. Sutherland. On May 31st, they report themselves at Salt Lake City. On the 21st of June, Mr. Morrow writes from San Francisco. He arrived home about the end of July. Much of the journey was through a country of absorbing interest. Though guide-books are numerous and cheap, thus rendering inexcusable, to-day, any prolix details of natural wonders anywhere, yet there is forever a charm in the

original, independent narrative of a traveller who keeps his eyes and wits about him. There are passages of singular beauty in a few letters of that time which we find among our fragmentary papers. Take the following—a scene approaching Wyoming territory :—

"As we rapidly advanced into this territory, brush and barrens take the place of farms and prairies. The mountain tops are looming in the distance, snow-capped and majestic, glistening in the sun, or relieved by the shadows. A glimpse here and there of Chinese railway labourers, reminds us that we are approaching 'the land of the setting sun.' Suddenly our passengers, weary from the journey, wake as from a dream, as a view, like some ancient fable, bursts upon our vision. It defies all powers of language. Change upon change greets the astonished observers, and elicits repeated exclamations of wonder. Ranges of hills succeed each other, lying almost at right angles with the track, their points jutting out as if they would hem us in. Chasms, valleys, rocks worn into grotesque figures, which fancy shapes into eagles, lions, giraffes, and the gods of fable. One is well defined to represent a woman sitting with a cat in her lap. Helmeted soldiers, serried battlements, are passed by in rapid succession, until one wearies of the panorama and wonders whether it is all reality or a very vivid dream."

A letter, dated "South Camp, Star District, June 9th, 1872," gives the writer's views of Mormonism.

He was in camp, "in the centre of a cañon, or gulch, away in the distance the snow-capped range of the Wasatch"—a glorious scene in which to spend a Sabbath, though the company around was anything but reverent, far away as they were from the restraints of civilization:—

"I am a good deal disappointed with Mormonism," runs the letter. "Though I had formed no exalted conception of it, yet I expected some show of religion, and supposed that, notwithstanding peculiarities and possible extravagancies, there would be much to admire. But the more I see of it, the more I am disgusted. The Capital—Salt Lake City - consists of small houses, and scattered, except in one or two principal streets. There are few buildings having any pretension to respectability in size or appearance. From the adjoining hills, the city looked like a large area of camps, widely apart, scarcely picturesque. Our hotel was promising in appearance, but affording only miserable fare."

He made the acquaintance of a family originally from England, and learned that, "though once Mormons, they had 'apostasized,'" and, like many of similar position, gone into Infidelity, or something worse than Paganism. Stories of Mormon cruelty were still told, but "with bated breath." Polygamy was a bane and a curse.

"Leaving out, altogether, the question of morality, on which, however, a great deal might be said, Polygamy is a withering institution. One man cannot support several wives and families, so that the result in many cases is misery and starvation, the women toiling like slaves for bread. There are Gentiles in the streets; but if you see an ugly, half-witted woman, you may set her down without hesitation as a Mormon. Generally, among a Mormon's wives, the old lady looks like a Tartar."

A namesake, "General Morrow, sent in command of troops, practically to watch the Mormons," a genuine American, though of Irish origin, is introduced, and affords an exceedingly pleasant season of converse:—

"I went to the Tabernacle on Sunday morning. Bishop Taylor professed to speak on his reasons for being a Mormon, but the address convicted him of being a self-righteous Pharisee. He had not been a bad man; never killed any one, &c. There was no allusion to repentance, or justification by faith, or peace with God. He spoke of everything but religion. I want no stronger proof of the hollowness and instability of Mormonism. He preached professedly to the Gentiles, but it was a mixture of presumption, blasphemy, and ignorance, and I think benefitted neither Gentile nor Mormon. The Tabernacle, built to hold 13,000 people, had not more in its audience than 2,000."

We have glimpses, too, of camp life at the Silver Mines of Nevada:—

"In the camp we live 'in clover.' Our cook dresses beefsteak suitable for an epicure, places omelets on the table that would do no discredit to the best restaurants of Paris. Our biscuits are superb, our coffee clear as amber, and the English breakfast tea really a relish. Our days are spent visiting the hills; our party have killed two adders and a rattlesnake, of which species there are plenty. Lizards are everywhere, though harmless, and I got quite to like them. They are active little creatures, and their motions quite interesting. Doors and windows are left wide open at night. Life is something after the military style—prompt, regular habits throughout. Delightful days, peaceful nights—truly, an oasis in the desert of a commercial man!"

And what of the character, the habits of thought, the vows and purposes, of the true religious life which formed so marked a part in Mr. Morrow's existence? Did he leave these at home? Was the Christian

merged in the wondering traveller, in the exhilarated admirer, during that kind of life which is said to send the blood coursing with new energy through the veins? I have said nothing of the Bible; but it is always in his narrative. And so far from disguising his true relation to Christ and His cause, we come upon this entry to confirm our confidence:—

"It was my happiness to conduct a sermon with the miners on Sunday. All seemed very much amused when I gave the notice; but the serious countenances and earnest looks of my audience gave me reason to hope that it was not without good results."

It needed only that this word should be added to show how consistent was the Local Preacher in his work, and how vast the range of his voice and influence.

I remember Mr. Morrow as he entered on this journey, having joined him on the railway as far as Shubenacadia; and the change which was so apparent on his return, from wanness and weariness to his old sprightly self, is among my pleasant recollections.

During the winter of 1872-3, perplexities in the business of which he was manager, gave Mr. Morrow much anxiety and toil. Days and nights of laborious application reduced his health to a degree which rendered it inevitable that change and rest must be contemplated. Instead of this, there came such a shock —a repetition of troubles, indeed—as reduced him to the very lowest extremity.

On the 1st of April, there were rumours in the streets of Halifax that a steamer had been wrecked

somewhere on the coast, and one or two lives lost. The report was regarded as an "All Fool's-day" story by most persons. The evening papers, however, were more definite and emphatic; they announced that a steamer had been wrecked, and several had perished. Mr. Morrow was called up, after retiring for the night, to hear a story which, even at this late day, fills the listener with awe and horror. The third officer of the steamer *Atlantic*, White Star Line, had arrived in town, bruised, worn out, almost speechless, requesting assistance for his companions in dire extremity. The steamer left Liverpool, England, on the 20th of March, bound for New York. Her passengers and crew numbered in the aggregate one thousand souls. Capt. Williams, officer in charge, headed the ship for Halifax to obtain coal—this was on the 31st of March; and on the following morning at two o'clock, she struck Marr's Rock, on the bleak coast, 22 miles west of Halifax. The only boat attempted to be launched was full of people, when a sudden lurch of the steamer crushed her and her precious burden beyond recovery. That fatal lurch was the beginning of renewed sorrows. Gradually the wreck was all but submerged; her bow and masts alone remained above water. Numbers of passengers never left their state-rooms; those who did reach the deck were swept off, till of one thousand persons only two hundred and fifty remained. Cries of anguish mingled with the wild winds and soughing waves. There was much true courage shown in rescuing the survivors. Some of the details, indeed, are

preserved on record, as among the proudest instances of true daring which humanity can boast. But even on land, recovered from death in one of its most terrible forms, there was still sufficient misery in prospect for the small proportion of passengers who remained. The shore everywhere was covered with fragments of the wreck, dead bodies, clothing, pieces of wood—dreadful in their confusion, and even more so when afterwards the corpses were arranged for purposes of identification and burial. Turning from this sad scene, the survivors found only a poor, though hospitable district before them. Life still depended on immediate help.

This was all that could be told; and it was enough! The night was stormy, winds high, with heavy rain, making the roads leading to the scene of disaster very bad. Mr. Morrow at once dressed and went out to make arrangements for a steamboat to proceed to Prospect with despatch, carrying provisions, wine, clothing and other necessaries. He drove in a cab to the place of woe and death. His descriptions afterward told how harrowing to his own feelings were all the circumstances. The shore was strewn with dead bodies; these had been robbed of any valuables they possessed. Drunkenness and profanity made the night more hideous. "It seemed," said Mr. Morrow, "like hell upon earth, so fearful the language, so fiendish the acts of wicked men, all surrounded as they were by the suffering and the dead." Of course, there were redeeming features with all this—tender hands,

prayerful hearts, doing, saying, what was possible, to bring comfort and restore life.

An incident which came under my own notice may assist in affording some idea of the excitement which this appalling shipwreck occasioned in Halifax. I was stationed at Dartmouth at the time. Crossing the ferry-boat one day, a man who had just returned from the scene of disaster was relating to an eager group the details of what he had heard and seen;—the voyage, the crash, the superhuman attempts to reach land, the devouring sea and its dreadful work, and finally the shore, with its awful display of wreckage and dead bodies. At this point he leaped to his feet, as if to escape some horrible vision, exclaiming, "My God, the children!" Ranged in line on the beach, their dear little hearts still in death, their hands crossed on their breasts, a sweet smile or a twinge of anguish, having photographed itself on each face, according to the condition in which death had seized them; the sight of these innocents had followed the man, as it did many, many besides, turning gaiety into melancholy, dreams into horrible nightmare. Several persons walked for some days of that week on the verge of insanity; indeed it was known that one or two really crossed the boundary. The reader may imagine the effect of all this on the sensitive, overwrought system of a man who was obliged, from his responsible relation to the circumstances, to stay and think and contrive amid a thousand heart-rending associations.

"For many days Mr. Morrow was fully occupied, going backwards and forwards, receiving and answering letters relative to the dead. Often he could give no information. He would accompany friends who were searching for lost ones; superintend the burial of bodies unclaimed; and so on, until he was completely worn out, seemed to have lost the power to sleep, and was never well again. Indeed, he kept getting worse and worse, until he determined to leave home for change of scene.

"All the circumstances of this period agree in representing his case as having been exceedingly critical. 'Health gave way completely,' is Mrs. Morrow's recollection of that trying time. 'Fears were entertained that he would never physically be fit for much again. Withal, his faith grew weak and for some time he seemed to rest under a cloud. He became for a season irregular in his attendance upon the religious services and was often much cast down in spirit. This was the only period in our married life when I ever knew him to yield to discouragement.' 'The night before we started for New York, *en route* to England,' writes his son James, 'father was more completely broken down, physically and mentally, than I ever saw him. It seemed as if the strain had been so great that his mind must give way. We sat writing, he dictating, and I acting as his amanuensis, till 3 o'clock in the morning. At times he could scarcely collect his thoughts; it appeared as if his mind almost refused to work.'"

This gave but a sad outlook. After a few hours refreshing sleep, however, father and son were off for England, on the 15th of January, 1874. Business cares were thrown aside, change of scene and companionship brought a degree of favourable reaction; so that by the time they had fairly embarked for Britain, sunshine began to steal gradually back upon the deepening gloom. The hills of Old Ireland were verdant, its air invigorating, and this added to the promise of recovery. Thence to London, taking Glasgow and Liverpool on the way. After spending two weeks at the greatest of

modern English cities, they proceeded to the Mediterranean, whose climate, from Gibraltar to the Dardanelles, was surely Elysium to a weary, worn invalid, but recently passed out from under the shadows of winter clouds in North America.

Ever watchful to gather favourable omens of his father's health, James writes home in encouraging mood. There were signs of the old self returning. Father was sure to be on the bridge, when making a harbour, keeping a good look-out for landmarks; the captain pleased to find an extra man on the look-out beside him. The passengers recognized "the American gentleman" as a superior order of passenger—looked up to and respected him—placing all arrangements in his hands when some special treat was under contemplation. Best evidence of returning health was the fact that the strong religious instinct was asserting its supremacy. He found among the deck passengers certain Arabs—"dirty, unkempt fellows"—whose ablutions Tom Hood would have described as performed

> "With invisible soap
> In imperceptible water,"

only one of whom could interpret between themselves and the American, and that in mongrel French. One of these unclean companions was suffering painfully from inflammation, produced by a gold ring which had tightened cruelly about a swollen finger. Mr. Morrow went to his state-room for water and soap, cleansed the parts, and cut the ring, very dexterously going through

the difficult operation. Next morning the interpreter was at his door ; one of the Arabs was sick. In vain Mr. Morrow protested he was no doctor ; the interpreter laughed, looked incredulous, and refused to leave. The good Samaritan yielded, produced some homœpathic globules, and returned to his state-room. The Arab quickly recovered. This was all that was necessary to establish the doctor's fame ! His sympathy of heart often made for him rather troublesome friends.

Another passenger—"a tough, smoke-dried specimen of humanity"—kept aloof from every one, cynical and morose. Mr. Morrow found use for his Spanish, though somewhat rusty. They were soon on familiar terms ; and we may be sure that the Gospel of the grace of God was for once tenderly dispensed to this self-estranged child of a once proud people. They never thence missed their morning chat throughout the voyage, till the Spaniard landed at Gibraltar.

There were gleams of light in the "dark ages." While the Bible was sealed, and superstition, forever distorting the truth, introduced saints of doubtful repute to take the place of Christ, there was still left faith in the angels, as observers and friends of humanity, while enduring trial, or struggling for virtue.

"One, the Teacher and Reprover,
Marks each heaven-deserving deed ;
Graves it with the lightning's vigour,
Seals it with the lightning's speed ;

For the good that man achieveth—
Good beyond an angel's doubt—
Such remains for aye and ever,
And cannot be blotted out."

It is quite probable that these very Arabs believed in the AL SIGIL of the Koran, keeping a complete record of every man's life, embracing thoughts and deeds, good and bad. They would look forward to the rolling up of the scroll at a man's death, to be reproduced at the resurrection.

But it was the Lord himself who saw that trembling, bewildered, smitten Saul, in a lone room at Damascus, and broke in upon the dreams of Annanias, directing him to seek out the penitent—"For behold he prayeth!" Ah! there is a better than recording angel still watching over those eastern lands, who will ensure that words from a western messenger to "as many as trade by the sea," shall not be lost!

For several weeks there was now an active correspondence, conveying information of places, objects, and persons of distinction, so thoroughly Oriental that western readers would find the letters more than interesting. Malta, with its famous traditions, its relics of the knights of chivalrous ages, and its barbarous religious customs. One of these customs in Monastic life was "rather hideous. Preserving the remains of the brethren, they put them in the ground for a year, then simply cook them. The complete skeleton, nails, muscles, and skin, are there; and though the effect could hardly be classed with the beautiful, the

general outline of the human form was well retained. One had died as recently as 1861." Marvellous tastes have those old Capuchins; though this particular usage extends to the laity in some eastern cities, as for instance Palermo. Here are to be seen, in select vaults, the mortal remains of men, women, and children, fully attired, even down to kid gloves; some recumbent, some erect, all labelled with names and dates. Every year or two, affectionate relatives go to them on feast days, and renew the clothing and gloves, enjoying much consolation and amusement, too, in an occupation which would fill western people with awe and lamentation.

Constantinople comes next, far-famed for "dogs and women." One of these "infidels" sighs that the faithful are "so incomprehensibly narrow" as to prohibit other than a near relative from beholding a woman's face! It is thought a dreadful doom that "a man may live and die in the midst of a thronging population, without having gazed upon more than half a dozen of the opposite sex." But the writer has his revenge, and pronounces them "no doubt anything but handsome!" Passing through the Dardanelles, they have a snowstorm, reminding them of home. There is a grand Sultanic show on the Bosphorous. "A gun, signalling the departure of the Sultan, came booming over the water. As if by magic, the Turkish ships of war manned yards and displayed an uninterrupted array of flags from stem to stern. The Sultan's caique rounds the point, followed by six boats, pulling

a fine stroke. The rowers in the Sultan's barge would rise simultaneously, bow profoundly toward his Sultanic Majesty, then recovering themselves, throw all their energy into the stroke, keeping perfect time. The caique was magnificent, having a gilded canopy over the stern." On the 24th, they sped by special train, "through a land of almond and olive trees;" then took horses, to see the ruins of Ephesus, filling up, *en route*, a liberal journey of sight-seeing. A sojourn at Smyrna, enjoying to the utmost its Greek hospitality, and riding its incomparable donkeys, seems to have well-nigh completed the invalid's recovery.

After returning to Malta, the travellers diverged to Barcelona, where they spent ten days; thence to Valencia, and so back to Liverpool, having been a few days under ten weeks out of that port, most of which time was spent on board the steamboat. They were soon at the old, familiar threshhold, testifying, as so many thousands have had good reason to do,—

> "Variety's the very spice of life
> That gives it all its flavour."

CHAPTER XI.

THE END.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set ; but all
Thou hast, all seasons for thine own, O Death !
—*Felicia Hemans.*

And he was not ; for God took him.—Gen. v. 24.

MRS. Morrow's narrative of the closing period of her husband's life will naturally occupy a part of this chapter. My readers will feel grateful to have it in its affecting directness and artlessness. It will reveal to those who were not privileged to observe their actual relations, a picture of domestic happiness which, happily for the world, is one of the few blessings which survive the Fall. I quote :—

"After his return home, in the summer of 1874, he continued to improve in bodily health. His spirits, too, seemed to revive. On the 4th of November of that year, he entered into fresh covenant with God. From that time to the day of his death, his profiting appeared unto all

men, and especially to the members of his own family. He steadily grew in grace, as well as in knowledge, for he was a constant and untiring Bible student, taking advantage of every spare moment for that purpose.

"All that knew him intimately are aware that he was a tender and loving husband and father. It was often cause of remark that he could devote himself so much to his family and yet find so much time for business, for religious services, and to aid those who needed help in various ways. But in every relation and position of life he seemed to excel, and especially so in the last few years, during which time he grew in spirituality of mind, and in an increasing desire to be prepared for all God's will, whether by life or death, doing or suffering. It was impossible to live with him and not see that he was maturing spiritually. His simple, childlike faith was always remarkable. It was enough for him to know that GOD LIVED. He had no sympathy with those christians who spend much time, thought, and words, in trying to make clear what God has seen fit to conceal. 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' He considered it a waste of time, trying to discover the why and wherefore of God's dealings with His children.

"Since his illness of 1874, he seemed to grow stronger and brighter, and as his business responsibilities became less pressing, he had more command of his time than formerly. We were looking forward to a long, useful, and happy life for him. As we look back now on the past few months, we can remember at different times, when weary, how a strange whiteness would overspread his face, and how, at such times, he would complain of a momentary faintness; but after a few minutes rest, the flush would return, and he would seem all right. These changes did not then make much impression on our minds, though now we know they were all symptoms of that disease which so suddenly took him from us."

Early in 1880, he spent three weeks in a trip to Jamaica. From his letters I find reference to a hurried call on Methodist ministers, at Bermuda, returning, which had excited his sympathy in regard to their estrangement from home and kindred, notwithstanding their delightful associations among the people of their

charge. Rev. E. B. Moore, of Hamilton, supplies a vivid sketch of the call thus made on him:—

"I noticed in your last budget of papers the sudden death of J. B. Morrow, Esq. I was unfortunate enough not to make his acquaintance until lately, when, passing through these distant Islands, he kindly sought us out; and as the manner of the interview was characteristic of him whom we mourn, I will give it to you. Happening to answer, one day, the door of our parsonage, I met there a stranger, who, with outstretched hand and beaming face said, 'This is Brother Moore, I suppose; my name is Morrow.' Bringing him into the house, he told us in rapid words that he was just passing through Hamilton, and had only half-an-hour for business, but as he always sought out Methodist preachers, wherever he went, he called to see us. Knowing something of the toils of the itinerancy, it was always in his heart to aid them. For a moment he sat thus enquiring into our work and its prospects; then giving us some items of his own experience—as a good Methodist is always able to do—he spoke some glowing words of comfort and cheer which seemed to come from his whole animated countenance rather than from his lips. Then it was, 'Good-bye, God bless you,' and he was gone. Turning back to the house I noticed that the countenance of my wife was more radiant and her eyes more sparkling than usual. Asking why, she said—'Was it not like the visit of an angel?' Really, the day did seem brighter and the burden of work lighter than usual. The dear brother left a benediction with us, that lingered long after he was gone, and the remembrance of which has cheered many an hour of lonely toil. It was our first interview and last—hail and farewell, but it has left a bright page in our memory forever. One can easily judge from this how such a one will be missed. Is it not in such small ministries that we can best imitate Christ, and secure the reward which follows the words,—'Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me?'"

There is something touching and beautiful in this interview—the brotherly salutation—the questioning as to other's cares and joys—the comfort and cheer of voice and countenance—and the benediction!

"Like the visit of an angel!" It might have been "like the visit of an artist." Mr. Morrow had æsthetic tastes. Bermuda must have awakened his enthusiastic love of Nature, and he would have found in Mr. and Mrs. Moore, appreciative companions, to afford ample interchange of thought on such a theme. The subject would touch the poetic sentiment in any refined man or woman. All around them were semi-tropical sunshine and flowers. Mrs. Browning's Dream Island was only a little nearer approach to Paradise.

> "The place is all awave with trees,
> Limes, myrtles, purple-beaded;
> Acacias, having drunk the lees
> Of the night-dew, faint-headed,
> And wan, gray olive woods, which seem
> The fittest foliage of a dream."

And the gifted poetess might have taken her picture of coral caves, opening into a region of fragrance, from these same Bermudas,—

> "Long winding caverns, glittering far
> Into a crystal distance;
> Through clefts of which shall many a star
> Shine clear without resistance;
> And carry down its rays the smell
> Of flowers above, invisible!"

It might have been, "like the visit of a scientist or a philosopher." Half an hour spent in conversation on "specimens" would have been natural enough. Odd shells, and insects, and plants, odder habits, and cus-

toms, and questions of social vexation, were all ready to their notice. Mr. Morrow might have left his auditors a step farther advanced in the study of conchology, botany, entomology, or what else, in which case they would have, perhaps, admired his taste and penetration. Or he might have indulged in some sharp criticism of men and things about him, which always helps to deepen any morbid gloom that Satan sends to ardent ministers who may magnify surrounding effects, and dishearten them in their sphere. He did—said—nothing of all this; but saw the want of the moment, cheered and blessed, and went on his way, leaving two singing souls behind him, who now come to throw a loving garland on his grave. Byron was surely right when he said

> "He who happiness would win
> Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin!"

A little farther on, we shall find that the traveller, while leaving with others influences as from "the visit of an angel," was himself really in need of consolation. He had gone from home under a dense cloud of foreboding, which, as he said afterward, was not quite dispelled till he had left Bermuda. But he did not permit even a shadow from the cloud to fall upon the hearts of others. They saw not beyond "the silver lining."

"On the 10th of June," writes Mrs. Morrow, "the first break occurred in the family, by the marriage of our eldest daughter. Though she was to reside near the homestead, the father keenly felt her separation from the home circle. On the 26th of July my mother died at

our house. She was ill for about ten days, and Mr. Morrow was most attentive during her illness, always assisting to lift her when that was needed."

On the 12th of August, he was with the Convention of the Y.M.C.A. for the Lower Provinces, which met in Charlottetown. Two addresses of his are published in the report of proceedings, one on a subject which called out his heartiest sympathy and co-operation, that of obtaining a travelling secretary to stimulate and systematize the work of Associations. I find a letter to Mr. McLean, from New York, dated September 16th, signed Robert Werdensall, which probably alludes to the results of that agitation. I make an extract:

"My Dear Bro. McLean.— * * * I thank you for securing an interview with our dear Bro. Morrow through your telephone. How well he then looked! How pleasantly he greeted me! With what a Godspeed and hearty hand-shake he sent me off! How cheerfully he gave me time, in the busiest part of the day, to talk of the great work of saving the young men of the Lower Provinces! How he listened to any report of the work I had done under your and his direction! How fitting it was that he should meet in convention with young men, that by his stirring words and manly acts he should impress them with his noble example!"

The session of Saturday morning was devoted to the topic, 'The Duty and Joyfulness of Winning Souls." As Mr. Morrow's last words in the Convention, and as illustrative of the passion which was at once animating and consuming him, I supply, entire, his speech as reported:

"In the coal country some of the pits are known as such and such a 'winning,' and when I heard this topic announced, my mind went down into the depths of the earth. To 'win' the coal is to get it. Then I thought of Him who came to seek and to save that which is lost. We do not think enough of this; every soul that is not changed is lost. The souls which we wish to win are lost. In mining a good deal of money must be spent. In winning souls the object is to get the soul up out of its lost condition. 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.' I like to hear these hearty addresses, but I feel more like weeping than anything else when I think of the young men who are perishing. The thought I would try to impress is, that we should labour for young men every day, just where we meet them."

He addressed the immense farewell meeting on Saturday night. On Sabbath evening he preached. There were both human and divine influences at work in this service. The preacher was thoroughly disheartened by his effort. In vain did Mr. McLean assure him that he had heard him with great satisfaction. He would not be comforted, and came away from Charlottetown under a sense of mortification from the remembrance of that discourse. He had scarcely reached home when intelligence met him that the sermon so much lamented, had been the means of positive good. At least one had publicly professed his purpose to begin a religious life, having been brought to decision by Mr. Morrow's discourse on Sunday evening. It is related of the celebrated author of the "Meditations," that, while fleeing by the back door of his church one night, to avoid meeting any one, in his shame for the sermon he had just delivered, he

stumbled over a man in the graveyard, who was groaning in deep penitence of soul through the effects of that seeming failure! So God rebukes very often our unbelief, which after all may spring, more than we can see at the moment, from that very natural pride which preachers cherish toward satisfying their own critical demands.

In answer to a letter which he must have written about this date, I find a beautiful reply, probably one of the last such missives that passed through his hands. It is from a Roman Catholic gentleman into whose deep sorrow, on the loss of his wife by sudden death, Mr. Morrow had entered by correspondence. It could have been no common, trite expressions which he employed, to call back such an answer, so full of genuine, and I may add, evangelical prayer and trustfulness. Of the numerous evidences which meet the eye, in turning over his letters, paying silent but eloquent tributes to his unbounded charity and love, instances of this sort are not the least affecting and instructive. We resume Mrs. Morrow's narrative:

"On the 15th of August I went to Bedford for a fortnight, and he came up every evening, excepting his class night, returning to town in the morning. He seemed to enjoy the change very much, and I thought him so well. Anxious as always to give pleasure, he came up one evening while it was raining very heavily, laden with a basket and parcels of fruit. I saw he looked worn and tired, and I begged he would not come again on such an evening. He turned, and looking at me, said—'Do you like to have me come?' I assured him I did. 'Then,' he replied, 'it will be a big storm that will keep me away.' This was so characteristic of him—always unmindful of himself, if he could contribute to the happiness of others.

"The last Sunday of his life, September 5th, he attended morning service. I accompanied him for the first time in eight months. We took communion together. As we left the table he commenced singing :

'Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee,'

(a very common custom with him on sacramental occasions.)

"After dinner on that day, which was an excessively warm one, he walked out to the Poor House, where he held service, then back to the Association rooms, where he delivered the address published in the papers, and then home. He complained of being specially tired and overcome with the heat. Consequently he remained at home in the evening, but was as usual, bright and cheerful.

"On Monday morning he rose, rested and refreshed ; was specially engaged in business all day, as he expected to leave the next week for England, and so had much preparation to make. On Monday evening he attended an official meeting at the church, also on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday evening he was at the weekly prayer-meeting, where he spoke with unusual power, as was remarked before and after his death. On Thursday morning I remember him as very bright, making many pleasant remarks. At dinner, in the middle of the day, he was unusually merry, so much so that the children said—'How full of fun father is to-day !' Finding that he had to go to Londonderry, he came home in the afternoon in time to have a quiet half-hour and a cup of tea before taking the train. He talked of his expected trip to England, expressing the pleasure he anticipated on some accounts, at the same time speaking of the pain a long absence from home always gave him, saying that home was to him the happiest spot in all the world, and he would like always to have wife and children all with him. After bidding me good-bye, I heard his bright, buoyant step along the hall and over the stairs. A strange feeling came over me, and I rushed to a front window to take a last look ; but he was gone. I never heard his voice or step again, and only saw him as he was brought home to me the next night, cold and motionless in death."

Sir S. L. Tilley, Minister of Customs, was on a tour of visitation to certain mechanical and industrial in-

stitutions at this time. In company with Mr. Thomas Kenny, Mr. Morrow went with him to Londonderry, for the purpose of inspecting works in which he was interested. Mr. Kenny's statement is to the effect that he and Mr. Morrow arose early on the following morning, and took breakfast at half-past seven. They had walked about the Rolling Mills of the Steel Company fifteen or twenty minutes, when Mr. Morrow complained of feeling sick. His pale and ill appearance at once alarmed Mr. Kenny, who immediately retired with him to the Company's office. Here he laid himself on the floor, distressed greatly with pain in the lower part of the chest, when a doctor was summoned in all haste. In brief conversation, he alluded to symptoms which had awakened his suspicions as to the condition of his heart; though he attributed the immediate trouble at this time to the milk of which he partook freely at breakfast. A couch was procured, and the sufferer made as comfortable as possible; when the doctor made his appearance. His first question was—"Doctor, what is Angina Pectoris?" In answer to the doctor's enquiry, he again inclined to the opinion that indigestion was the cause of the pain. An emetic was accordingly administered, which soon gave relief. The stethoscope was used over his heart, only to allay the doctor's fears as to any danger from that quarter. Alas, for the penetration of science! "I feel as if my chest were in a vice," said the sufferer. His boots he removed by his own exertions, put on slippers, chatted with his associates, and spoke hopefully of returning

home by the afternoon train. He sent a pleasant good-bye to friends who were leaving at the railway station. Mr. Kenny, bearing this message of love, was on his way to its fulfilment, when a messenger overtook him, saying Mr. Morrow was much worse. He hastened back to the office; but death, with swifter strides, was there before him!

A letter from the physician in attendance to Mrs. Morrow, will throw an additional ray of melancholy light on the scene which had transpired in that brief interval,—light to us, at least, who linger on the human side of the river. Meantime, the closing part of Mrs. Morrow's narrative will serve as an intermediate link in this sad connection:—

"I may add, that last winter, before leaving for Jamaica, he seemed to have a strong presentiment that he was not coming back to us. He did not then say so, in so many words; but we saw from what he did say what were his feelings. One day, as he was sitting alone with me, he said—'I have a verse which I want you to take as my verse to you, and remember it—As thy day so shall thy strength be.' A few days after, he asked me if I remembered his verse, and told me not to forget it. I felt that he was desirous to prepare me for something, but did not speak. When he was leaving for Jamaica, after bidding us good-bye, he leaned down and said, 'Do not forget my verse—As thy day so shall thy strength be.' I knew what he felt, but believed it arose from some nervous feeling, and looked forward hopefully to his return. I afterwards found he had spoken to others, in and outside of the family, as to the possibilities of his not returning home, and had made some arrangements in reference to such an event. This made me anxious. After his safe arrival, I spoke to him on the subject, and asked him if he had not had some forebodings that he would never return. He said he had, and so strongly he could not account for it. 'Until I left Bermuda,' he said, 'I could not get rid of the thought that I should never see you.' Now it is a comfort to know that he

had taken fully into consideration what it would mean to be taken from us; and we know that his life to the last hour was all that we could wish it to have been.

"His verse will, I think, be always in my mind; for on the morning of his death, when my son came to break the news to me, he leaned down and said, 'Mother, remember, as thy day, so shall thy strength be.' It has been so, and I trust will be so with each of our children, till we are all gathered together, reunited in our home above."

"It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.
Oh! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom;
All light would be quenched in yon eloquent eye,
And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the tomb."

There are bounds to all human skill. "Thus far shalt thou come," is written over the ultimate limit of both ambition and loving ministration. Few men feel this more than physicians; and few have gentler voices in calling to mourners standing within a circle they themselves cannot penetrate. We subjoin the doctor's letter:—

"Acadia Mines, Londonderry,
"September 15th, 1880.

"Dear Madam,—Although a stranger, I feel sure you will allow me to tender to you and your family my heartfelt sympathy in your sad and sudden bereavement. Being the only person present during the last brief moments of your dear husband, it was my sad duty to do what little I could—alas! how little—to soothe his sufferings.

"Knowing the melancholy interest you take in anything which took place at the time, I shall briefly state the circumstances. After Mr. Kenny and Mr. Jamme left the room I sat beside Mr. Morrow's couch. The pain had greatly abated; but at times it returned for a

few seconds; yet he bore it so patiently that I was aware of it more by observing the appearance of his face than by any complaint from himself. In about ten minutes he seemed almost entirely free from pain, and taking advantage of this, I again examined him for symptoms of heart disease, but could detect nothing positive. About this time he said, 'I feel much better now; but I suppose an attack like this always makes a person weak.' After sitting up a few minutes in silence, during which he appeared quite composed, he said, 'I think I'll put on my collar and necktie in case I catch cold about my neck.' I brought them to him, and was about to put them on for him when he sat up on the couch, thanked me, and said he could put them on himself, quite well. He then lay down and I tucked the clothes comfortably about him, and smoothed his pillows. He closed his eyes as if inclined to rest, and I walked across the room to lower the window which had been raised about an inch from the bottom. Before reaching it I heard him say, quite calmly, 'I believe I'm going to faint.' I rushed to him, his pulse had stopped, and on putting my ear to his chest I found his heart had ceased to beat. One very slight convulsive twitching of the mouth, a few sighs, and all was over. There was nothing to indicate suffering at the last, and so calm and peaceful were the features, that it was difficult to believe that he was dead. I need not say, dear Madam, how keenly I felt my inability to do more than I did; even to give warning of the approaching end—but that was beyond human power. May the Good Master, whom your dear husband has served so faithfully, comfort and console you all in your bereavement.

"I remain, dear Madam,

"Yours faithfully,

"J. W. MACDONALD, M.D."

Mr. Morrow was in his forty-ninth year at his death. A *post-mortem* examination disclosed what no one about him seems to have suspected—that the vessels about his heart had been affected for some time, and the disease had reached a stage which only required some slight exciting cause to produce rupture, with its attendant startling consequences.

More than one has hinted in correspondence that he may have anticipated an abrupt, or at least not remote, departure from this life. Now that so many symptoms combined to warn his immediate relatives, it may seem surprising that more apprehension was not excited in regard to his health; but it must be remembered that the disease was one of the very few which defies even the closest scrutiny of the medical art. Every intelligent mind, however, must accept the inference drawn by Mrs. Morrow:—he himself was not left in ignorance of what God intended. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." His allusion to a "choky" sensation, when at the General Conference, in September, 1878; his premonitions during the months preceding the end; finally his question as to "Angina Pectoris"—heart-stroke, when the doctor made his appearance, all show that he had traversed much ground of anticipation; a journey rendered dark by the mystery which his God did not choose altogether to reveal; rendered lonely by a purpose not to disclose to his loved ones what might greatly disquiet them; but at every step of the way illuminated by a presence which is a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night. Did he pray much on this subject? Who, that knew the man, can doubt it? And surely prayer was answered,—

> "Time laid its hand
> Upon his heart, gently, not smiting it,
> But as a harper gently lays his open palm
> Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

It was not an accident. It did not happen. It was "appointed," doubtless. The event was under complete regulation—came at the best moment, accomplished its full purpose, did not overstep its mission by a single hair-breadth. To abandon the issues of such a man, in life or death, to mere chance, would be to dislocate the entire system of christian faith.

Do you believe this reader? If so, have you found shelter from the inevitable, universal, otherwise overwhelming, stroke of death?

We have followed a good man to the verge of the river. You and I must now separate. May we meet —*all* meet—in the land where there are neither shadows nor sin, disease nor death. Amen!

APPENDIX.

IT has been thought desirable that this Memorial Volume should contain the more important expressions made by several religious and commercial organizations, in allusion to Mr. Morrow's death. Several letters, written with the object of recording his moral and social qualities, have been interwoven with the general narrative. A large number of the same kind must necessarily be denied publication, because the object of the book has already been provided for. They are treasured none the less gratefully.

There is one communication, however, which must find a leading place in these supplementary pages. It might be furnished as a sample of that unique eloquence which accomplished Frenchmen sometimes so naturally employ in epistolary correspondence; but we present it rather as the tribute of a Naval officer —ranking similarly with our Post Captain—reflecting the sentiments of a class with whom Mr. Morrow was

ever a great favorite. It was addressed to a near relative :—

SAINT PIERRE, 19th Sept , 1880.

Je n'essaierai pas de vous dépeindre le profond chagrin que j'ai éprouvé en prenant connaisance de la triste nouvelle que vous m'annoncer. Je crois réver. Je lis et relis votre lettre, pour me persuader que je ne sais pas en proce á une hallucination. Malheureusement, le fait est vrai et ce pauvre Mons. Morrow est enlevé à notre affection, á notre amitié.

Dans ma carriere, j'ai rencontré naturellement bien des hommes de mérite, mais je neme rappelle pas en avoir connu que me fait plus sympathèque. Sa loyauté sans indulgence pour les défauts inhérents à l'humanité, sa grande bonté pour les pauvre et les infortunés, l'aminité de son caractére, tout en lui seduisait, attirait irresistiblement. La franchise et la droiture se lisaient dans son regard limpide. C'était ce que nous appelons un beau caractère.

Aussi l'annonce de sa mort a-telle produit une immense sensation à bord de la "Clorinde." Tous mes officiers ont été consternés, lorsque je leur ai fait part de ce cruel événement. C'est un douleur pour nous tous, mais plus particuliérement pour moi ai vécu avec lui, dans les termes de la plus vive et de la plus chaleureuse amitié. Vous avez pensé juste, mon cher ami, en pensant que ma douleur serait des plus grandes. Il ne pourrait en être autrement, aprés les relations que j'ai enes avec cet homme de bien.

Les décrets de la Providence sont insondables. Monsieur Morrow arrivait á l'époque de sa vie, où il allait recueiller les fruits de son travail assidu, de ses labeurs. Il était aimé de tous, honoré par les concitoyens, respecté par toutes les classes de la population de Halifax, et quelques secondes ont suffi pour enlever ce mari, ce pére tendre et dévoué à l'affection d'une famille qui concentrait sur lui les sentiments. C'est affreux de songer a cela, mais comme vous le dites fort bien, nul plus que lui n'était mieux préparé á comparaitre devant son Souverain Juge. Il viendra devant son tribunal escorté de toutes les pures actions de sa vie, de ses charits envers les pauvres, et surtout des sentiments renfermés dans son coeur. Je n'ai pas l'intention d'apporter des consolations á la famille si cruellement frappee. Il n'en est aucune qui puisse adouier les regrets d'une femme aimante et d'enfants chéris. Le

temps seul peut, non pas enlever le souvenir de celui qui n'est plus, mais tout au moins atténuer les effets produits par cette meurt si inattendue. Seulement, je vous prierai de vouloir bien être mon interpréte auprés de Madame Morrow et de tous les membres de la famille, pour leur dere combien je suis affligé, combien je m'unis á eux par la pensée et par la coeur, dans cette triste circonstance. Je ne puis m'empêcher de songer que nous devions nous recoutrer a Paris, et je me faisait une joie de l'introduire auprés des miens, auxquels j'avais annoncé sa visite, pour le cas où il serait arrivé avant moi. Hélas ! nou ne le verrons plus ici bas, et fasse le ciel que nous puissions lui ressembler, de maniére à le retrouver plus tard. Vous comprendrez, mon chére Franklyn, le désordre qui rigne dans mes idées ; je voudras pouvoir exprimer tout ce que je ressens et ne puis le faire comme je le voudrais. Mais croyez que personne ne sent mieux que moi l'étendue de la perte que vous venez de faire. Et dere qu'en recevant votre lettre, ayant reconnu votre écriture, je me sentais tout joyeux de savoir des nouvelles de mes amis de Halifax. Le coup a été rude, et je ne me consolera de longtemps. Adieu, mon chére Franklyn. Présentez je vous prie, mes hommages á Madame Franklyn. Je n'ai pas oublié le gracieux accueil qu'elle m'a fait. Quant a vous recevez l'assurance de mes sentiments affectueux.

U. S. Devarenne.

Tous les officiers (Puech) particuliérement, me chargent d'exprimeleurs vives sympathies pour la famille de Mr. Morrow.

TRANSLATION.

Saint Pierre, Sept. 19th, 1880.

I shall not attempt to depict to you the deep grief which I have felt since learning the sad news which you announced to me. I fancy I am dreaming ; I read and re-read your letter, to persuade myself that I am not a prey to hallucination. Unhappily, it is too true, and Mr. Morrow is taken from our affection and friendship.

In my career, I have naturally encountered many men of merit ; but I cannot recall one who was more congenial to me.

His fidelity, his indulgence toward the inherent faults of others, his great goodness to the poor and unfortunate, the amenity of his character—all in him were irresistibly attractive and captivating. Frank-

ness and integrity could be read in his open countenance ; his was what we would call a beautiful character.

Also, the announcement of his death has produced an immense sensation on board the "Clorinde." All my officers were astounded when I told them of this deplorable circumstance.

It is sorrow for us all, but particularly so for me, who have lived with him in terms of the most intimate and warmest friendship. You have thought right, my dear friend, in thinking that my grief would be the greatest ; it could not be otherwise, after the relations which I have had with that man of goodness.

The decrees of Providence are inscrutable. Mr. Morrow had arrived at that epoch in his life when he was just gathering the fruits of his assiduous labours. He was loved by every one, honoured by his fellow-citizens, respected by all the population of Halifax ; and a few seconds have sufficed to take away this husband—this tender and devoted father—from the affection of a family who concentrated upon him all the sweetest sentiments.

It is frightful to think of that ; but, as you very well said to me, no one was better prepared to appear before the Sovereign Judge. He will come before his tribunal, surrounded by all the pure actions of his life, his charity towards the poor, and, above all, the sentiments enclosed in his heart.

I do not intend to convey consolation to the family so cruelly smitten ; only time can assuage the grief of a loving wife and cherished children ; it will not take away the remembrance of him who is not, but more or less soften the effects produced by that death so unexpected. But I beseech you willingly to become my interpreter to Madame Morrow and all the members of her family, to tell them how much I am afflicted, and how much I unite with them in thought and heart in this sad event. I cannot help thinking that I shall meet him at Paris, and it would have given me so much pleasure to introduce him to my family, to whom I had announced his visit, in case he arrived before me. Alas ! we shall see him on earth no more ; but may heaven help us to resemble him, that we may see him again later. You understand, dear F., the confusion which reigns in my ideas. I want to express to you all that I feel, but cannot manage to do so as I should like ; but believe me that no one knows better than I, the extent of the loss which you experience.

On receiving your letter and recognizing your writing, I felt rejoiced to have news of my Halifax friends. The blow has been harsh, and I shall not recover from it for a long time.

U. S. D.

All the officers (Pueeh) particularly charge me to express their fervent sympathy for Mr. Morrow's family.

[Letter written by Captain Devarenne, of the "Clorinde," to Mr. Franklyn.]

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE, Y. M. C. A. RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of the International Committee, held in New York, September 15th, the following Resolution was adopted :—

"The Committee have learned with profound grief of the sudden death of their friend and associate in work for Christ among young men, Mr. J. B. Morrow, of Halifax, and desire to record their affectionate appreciation of his patient and practical sympathy, and his generous and self-denying co-operation in the work of Young Men's Christian Associations, not only in his own city and country, but throughout the continent. For many years he has made his influence widely felt in promoting this work by a beneficence which has reached far beyond the field of his efforts in Halifax and Nova Scotia.

"The Committee desire to place on record the expression of their affectionate and brotherly regard for this faithful witness for Christ, and their sincere and tender sympathy with his wife and family, and with the multitude to whom his beautiful life and Christ-like character endeared him, and who are now mourning his loss.

"In behalf of the Committee,

"Richard C. Morse, *Secretary.*"

Y. M. C. A. RESOLUTIONS, HALIFAX, N. S.

"Whereas, in the inscrutable Providence of God, He has taken suddenly from our midst, in the meridian of life, our beloved friend and brother, James B. Morrow,

"We, the Young Men's Christian Association of Halifax, on whose roll his name has stood for twenty-seven years as a subscriber, twelve

years as an active member and office-bearer, and in whose ranks he has faithfully served as a good Soldier of the Cross, would place on record this expression of our feelings, weak though it be, as a testimony of our sincere sorrow for our own loss, of our tenderest sympathy with the afflicted widow and family in their hour of sore bereavement, and of our sense of the loss sustained by the Church and denomination to which he was faithfully attached, and by the community at large, of which he was an honoured member.

"While others can speak truthfully and feelingly of his intense patriotism, of his large-hearted liberality, of his Christian charity and loving sympathy, of his work among the poor and needy, and his cheering visits to the sick and dying; while many can recall his kindly disposition, and his acts of substantial aid done quietly and unostentatiously, just when most needed; while his fellow-merchants bear testimony to his commercial integrity and business probity, in all of which we see revealed the true type of the Christian gentleman, we would recur to his special work in and for the Young Men's Christian Association in its varied enterprises for the good of young men, and through them the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"In all his relations to us as a supporter, as a member, as an office-bearer, as a co-worker in the several departments of our operations and enterprises, we lovingly bear testimony to his manly Christianity, in our adversity as in prosperity; in days of gloom and darkness, as in days of light; amid the ebb tide of spiritual lethargy, as in the flood tide of religious advancement, our brother was ever loyal to our Association, and devoted to its interests—and not only in Halifax were his good works abundant, but also through the towns and villages of Nova Scotia, and our sister provinces; aiding and assisting struggling associations, cheering weary workers, encouraging the faint-hearted, giving material support cheerfully and spontaneously, ever abounding in those graces and activities that adorn the life of the true follower of Christ.

"The best and truest tribute of love and affection we can offer to the memory of our departed brother, is to take up the work where he laid it down, to press on in our labours for our common Lord and Master, doing our duty honestly and uprightly to our fellow-men; and under the incentive of knowing the blessed end of a life well spent, and a day and generation faithfuly served, we would go forward working and labouring in that special field of Christian activity to which we have

been called, looking forward to that day, when like our beloved brother just departed, we can lay life's burden down and enter into the rest prepared for the people of God.

"J. S. MACLEAN, *President.*
"HENRY THEABISTON, *Secretary.*"

FROM THE Y. M. C. A., ST. JOHN, N. B.

"MRS. J. B. MORROW,—

"*My dear Madam.*—The Officers and members of this Association desire to express their *most sincere sympathy* and *heartfelt sorrow* at the loss of your devoted and much loved husband whom we *have always esteemed* as one of our *best* and *valued* friends. 'We sorrow not, even as others who have no hope, for we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also, which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him.'

"With prayerful sympathy and christian regards,

"I remain, yours most respectfully,
"JAMES A. GOULD, *Secretary.*"

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

"DEAR MRS. MORROW.—We have been requested by the Women's Christian Association to express to you their, and our, heartfelt sympathy with you in your deep affliction.

"We feel, in addition to our personal grief at the death of Mr. Morrow, and to our pain at the almost irreparable loss to the Church, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the city, that, as regards our own Association, we have lost one of our most valued friends; for, on several occasions, indeed, whenever we requested it, we found Mr. Morrow ready to help us, when, without his aid, we would not have known where to turn, and when his rendering us the services we asked, must have been very inconvenient to one whose time was so valuable.

"But we were desired by the Association to write this, more particularly, to convey to you, as being one of our members, our profound sympathy with you. We know that you do not grieve as those without hope, and that you have a friend, Jesus Christ, the Comforter, who will sustain you, and on whom you can cast your burden of sorrow;

but still we wish to assure you that you have not only our warmest sympathy, but our earnest prayers, that you may be supported in this extremity by our Heavenly Father.

"Yours, very sincerely,

"CHARLOTTE STIRLING, *President.*
"K. MACKINTOSH, *Cor.-Secretary.*"

Monday, 27th Sept., 1880.

RESOLUTIONS—MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

The late J. B. MORROW, ESQ.

Moved by the Rev. R. Duncan, seconded by Dr. Norris and Committee unanimously.

"Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His wise Providence, to take unto Himself, since the last session of the Board, our beloved brother, James B. Morrow, Esq., of Halifax, for some years and at the time of his death a member of the Board. Therefore:

Resolution 1st.—"That the Board cannot permit the present meeting to close without recording its admiration of our departed brother's character, and its grateful recollections of the faithful and important services which, during a series of years, he rendered to the Board, and to the Missionary and general interests of our Church. During all their associations with their beloved and now glorified friend, the uniform impression made upon the members of this Board was that James B. Morrow was a humble and devoted servant of Christ, living in abiding communion with God, enjoying the power and peace, and bringing forth richly the fruits of the Spirit; that he was loyal and earnest in his attachment to his own branch of the Church, and generous in his sympathy with all; that he was ready at all times, and to the utmost of his ability, to serve the interests of this Society and aid its important work; and in their sorrow at the loss sustained by this Board, and by the Church at large, their one comfort is the solemn and grateful conviction that may be said of him that he 'walked with God and was not, for God took him.'

2nd.—"That we deeply sympathize with the widow and children in the sudden and severe affliction which has come upon them, that we bear them in our hearts before God, praying that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may keep their hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.

3rd.—"That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to Mrs. Morrow, with the assurance of our sympathy and prayers.

(Signed)

"W. J. HUNTER, *Secretary.*"

RESOLUTION OF BRUNSWICK ST. CHURCH.

Whereas, Almighty God, in His ever-wise Providence, has been pleased to remove from our midst by death, our esteemed friend and brother, James B. Morrow, Recording Steward of this Circuit, whose deeply pious and consistent life was so bright an example for us all. Therefore be it

Resolved—"That this meeting desires to record its deep sense of the great loss the Church has sustained in the death of one, whose high Christian character, zeal and usefulness in the cause of religion were so conspicuous; and who as local preacher, class-leader and holder of other offices, in connection with this Church, rendered most efficient service, and endeared himself to all by his urbanity, simpleness of purpose, liberality and constant efforts to promote the cause of God. And thus this Board tender Mrs. Morrow and family its deepest sympathy in their bereavement."

Copy of a Resolution passed at a Meeting of the Trustees of Brunswick Street Church, held on Thursday evening, November 18th, 1880.

"*Resolved*,—That the Trustees desire to express their deep sense of the loss they have sustained in the removal, by death, of their late respected co-trustee, James B. Morrow, Esq., who, for nearly ten years, had taken so active a part in all their work. During this period, not only did he give much valuable time to the trust affairs, and contribute liberally of his means, whenever occasion required, but his judicious counsels were often a guide to his fellow-workers, and were ever to them a source of strength; while the genial influence of his truly

Christian spirit was always present with him, and is cherished in the memories of those who knew him.

"*Resolved*, also: That a copy of this Resolution be forwarded to Mrs. Morrow, with the expression of the deep sympathy of the Trustees with her and her family in their great bereavement.

"E. G. SMITH, *Secy. of Trustees.*"

FROM THE CUNARD OFFICE, HALIFAX.

"HALIFAX, N. S., SEPTEMBER, 13th, 1880.

"DEAR MRS. MORROW.—We, the undersigned employees in the office of which your late beloved husband was the most honoured head, beg, at this time of your great sorrow, to approach you with a feeling of the deepest respect, and to offer our heartfelt sympathy with you and your dear children, for the irreparable loss which the Lord has been pleased to call upon you to sustain.

"Our late beloved employer endeared himself to each of our hearts beyond the power of language to express. His presence among us always commanded the deepest respect and esteem; while on the other hand his gentle, considerate regard for the welfare of each of us, called forth our deepest affection. It is not often that a similar removal of any one at the head of an establishment like this would create so profound a sensation, and it is not often that employees similarly situated could say, in the integrity of their hearts, that it was ever a pleasure to serve him in any way. We shall ever hold his memory sacred and dear to our hearts.

"We remain, dear Mrs. Morrow,

"Very respectfully your obedient servants,

"JAMES PENNINGTON,
"ROBERT HUMPHREY,
"GEORGE U. RÖUNE,
"GEORGE E. VANBUSKIRK,
"CLAUDE WANEWRIGHT,
"F. C. HOWE,
"GEORGE TRACY."

GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION.

6 New Broad Street,

"London, E. C., October 7th, 1880.

"Dear Mrs. Morrow.—I am desired by my Directors to convey to you their deep regret on receiving the sad intelligence of Mr. Morrow's sudden death, and I extract from our Minutes of the last Board Meeting the following Resolutions, viz :—

"'That the Board, having received with extreme regret the announcement of the sudden death, on the 11th ult., of Mr. J. B. Morrow, of Halifax, long their respected and valued Agent, desire to record their sense of the high esteem and regard in which he was invariably held by the Directors, their full appreciation of the long and valuable services he has rendered as their Agent in Nova Scotia, and the great loss the deprivation of his judicious assistance and zealous co-operation will entail upon the Association.'

"I am requested by my Directors, in transmitting to you the above Resolution, to convey to you the assurance of their sincere condolence and sympathy, both with you and your family, in your sad and sudden bereavement.

"I am, faithfully yours,

"C. G. Swann, *Secretary.*"

SPEECH OF CHAIRMAN AND RESOLUTION—GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION.

"I think that is all I should have said to you on this occasion, but for one other very painful subject, to which I should not do justice to my own feelings, nor to those of my colleagues, if I did not refer. I allude to the death—not by an accident, but equally sudden and lamentable—of our excellent correspondent in Nova Scotia, Mr. Morrow. On the 9th of September, he left Halifax in perfect health to visit the Londonderry Steel Company, some fifty miles from Halifax, and next morning he died suddenly in the office of the Company. Mr. Morrow, who was a member of the firm of Cunard & Morrow, our agents, has long been connected with this Association, having been for more than twenty years the member of the firm in whose hands the management of our affairs has been placed. He was a gentleman in

whom the Board had the greatest confidence, and we are greatly indebted to him for the zealous and judicious manner in which he, for so many years, attended to the affairs of the Association. We never had a case of difficulty or dispute but what Mr. Morrow settled it for us, and we were sure that in his hands justice would be done to us, while avoiding any legal or unpleasant contention with our customers. This is hardly the place, even if I were capable of doing justice to the subject, to expatiate on the merits of Mr. Morrow's character ; but I could read to you the newspaper extracts, showing the universal respect in which he was held, and sorrow felt at his death. His funeral, which was almost a public one, was attended by all classes of the community, from His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, to the very labourer who wheels our coals. The people attended in thousands to show their respect for so well-known and deeply-lamented a member of the community. I think this universal testimony to his worth justifies the confidence which this Board always reposed in his integrity and assistance. This Board have, by their resolution placed upon their minutes, recorded their deep sense of the loss sustained, their appreciation of the very valuable services that he had so long rendered to us, and I feel satisfied that the shareholders generally will join in that expression of regret and sympathy which we have conveyed through his remaining partner to his bereaved widow and family. Gentlemen, I think I have no further information to give you, but I shall, as usual, be happy to reply to any questions you may wish to put to me.

"Mr. Reeding : Probably the shareholders would like to join in the expression of sympathy to the relatives of the late Mr. Morrow, which, I gather from the Chairman, the Board has already made ; and I beg, therefore, to move the following resolution :—

" 'That this meeting desire, on the part of the shareholders of the 'Association, cordially to unite with the directors in their expression 'of deep regret at the lamentable and sudden death of the late Mr. J. 'B. Morrow, their agent in Nova Scotia, in acknowledging the valu-'able services rendered to the Association during so many years, and 'in sympathy with his widow and family in the great loss they have 'sustained.' "

" Mr. Bridge : I shall be most happy to second that.

" The motion was unanimously adopted."

SPRINGFIELD MINING COMPANY.

The Directors of the Springfield Mining Company, having heard with extreme sorrow of the death of their co-director, James B. Morrow, Esquire, wish to convey to you and your family, their fullest sympathy and regret; feeling as they most sincerely do, that they have lost a personal friend, and the Company an invaluable adviser.

Dated at St. John, N. B., 13th Sept., 1880.

MRS. JAMES B. MORROW,
Halifax, N. S.

ALEX. MACFARLANE,
President.

S. S. HALL,
JOHN MAGEE,
W. VENISTON STARR,
JAS. L. DREUNY,
} *Directors.*

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